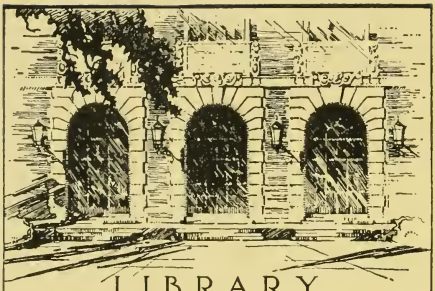

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WRECK AND RUIN:

OR,

MODERN SOCIETY.

BY

KINAHAN CORNWALLIS,

AUTHOR OF

"A PANORAMA OF THE NEW WORLD"; "TWO JOURNEYS TO JAPAN";
"NEW EL DORADO"; "HOWARD PLUNKETT, OR, ADRIFT IN LIFE";
ETC., ETC.

"To know thyself, know all the world beside."

"The proper study of mankind is man."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE recently published two works of travel; respectively entitled, *Two Journeys to Japan*, and *A Panorama of the New World;* as also a third, entitled *New El Dorado*, which, although in part a narrative of a visit to the New Caledonia territory, was chiefly a history of that district now called British Columbia; and these were given to the public in such rapid succession, as possibly to have stimulated the wonder of those, who, having merely heard of the books, had never perused them, so as to

given me May 29 June '58 Pickering = 3v.

make themselves acquainted with the dates and circumstances thereto appertaining.

I consequently deem it well to here state, that the works referred to were in part written at the time that the travels which they relate were made, and that their earlier publication was only deferred in consequence of my absence from England. Originally I had intended comprehending the whole under one title (viz., *The Cosmopolite,* which work I advertised as preparing for publication, in four volumes, on the fly-leaf of my novel *Howard Plunkett,* issued prior to any of those mentioned), but the circumstance of a more than ordinary amount of public interest being suddenly directed towards British Columbia, and, subsequently Japan, induced a change of plan on my part, and a separate publication of those portions of the work having reference to those countries; hence the

circumstance of my publishing three books instead of one.

I am again, and that quickly, in the field; but as the author of a novel, I need offer no explanation.

I am even yet young in literature, and therefore have to gain new readers rather than to weary old ones.

Had I been a Bulwer, or a Dickens, I should not have hurried my literary offspring into the world so rapidly; but being an author comparatively unknown, I have written and published regardless of all consequences other than public approbation, founded on the exposition of TRUTH, and the defence of RIGHT and VIRTUE; for this, and these, however, I have worked with a spirit that has often afforded me little less than delight, and never shall I regret the labour which I have so bestowed.

I have grappled with those subjects to which in my several works I have adverted, with a honest purpose—a free and unbiassed disposition —unprejudiced—impartial, and I am solaced by the happy reflection that I have never written a word it will ever be my wish to retract, nor yet expressed a sentiment which I would not willingly echo on the brink of eternity.

" I am in the place where I am demanded of conscience to speak the truth; therefore the truth I speak, impugn it whoso list."

" *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*"

WRECK AND RUIN.

CHAPTER I.

Gay and exhilarating was the morning that lit up the landscape as seen from the thinly populated settlement of Bagdad on the twenty-third day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one of the Christian æra.

It was at the hour of ten o'clock on the morning mentioned, that, as Simon Radley reconnoitred through a rude and gaping porthole in his barricaded house, he beheld the approach of a party of men, armed and mounted, whose number he discovered, as they drew nearer, to be not less than sixteen, perhaps twenty.

Not on the banks of the Tigris, by the ruins of ancient Babylon and the mighty Tower of Babel, where sat the Saracen caliphs of old, is our scene now laid; this our modern Bagdad is to be found far out on the American continent, where but a few years gone the red man reigned supreme, and where in a few years hence the din of civilisation will resound in yet more noisy clamour, for the giant strides of commerce and the white man are fast treading down the forest and the wigwam, building up cities as they go, and while hurrying the savage to destruction, reaping awide the glorious fruits of enterprize, and instead of the Æolian voices of the wilderness, making alive the landscape with the language—the far-spread tongue of England.

Bagdad is embosomed in a beautiful region of Georgia, extending over an ample valley, bounded to the westward by a chain of declivious hills, overgrown with shrub

and underwood; above which, here and there an oak rears its lofty head and spreads its brawny arms in luxuriant freedom. To the eastward of the village, fast emerging upon a prairie-like plain, the Savannah river winds in tranquil tide, its banks undulating and irregular, lending a pleasing antithesis to the scene, which is horizoned far as the eye can pierce with the exuberant foliage of an almost primeval forest. The ambient space, the patchy but picturesque verdure presented to the gaze in every direction, the primitive aspect of the varied habitations that irregularly stud the prospect, together with the more gigantic features of Nature that bound and diversify the distant view, all tend to impress the civilised beholder with feelings of admiration; and while it prompts him with the love and the ardour of a pioneer, makes him think of its blighted—yea, departed race of promogenial rulers be he a philanthropist, and imbues his thoughts with, as well as presents

to his vision, a brilliant and nigh boundless picture of the future, if a romancer.

Such is Bagdad, and here, within its undefined precincts, at the distance of about a mile from any other dwelling, stood the house of our sketch. It was backed by a well-stocked orchard, skirted by uncleared waste land, and lay totally hidden from the other habitations of men by intervening groups of colossal pine trees. A rude footwalk, furrowed on either side with marks indicative of the occasional passage of cart wheels, led from the house in the direction of the high road, where the district became more populous and the view more extensive, by virtue of its being less thickly timbered than around the homestead of Simon Radley.

"Wife," spoke the latter, calmly, as he eyed the cavalcade alluded to, addressing a woman of great natural beauty, whose blue eyes flashed and whose rosy lips half revealed the pearly teeth they had before

hidden, as if in desperation, at the very tone of his voice.

"What, husband?" she ejaculated, half gaspingly, and advancing towards him, with a child, evidently unweaned, in her arms.

"Here they are," continued he; "but if I guess correctly, they'll be somewhere else pretty soon."

His wife grasped his arm and appealingly endeavoured, with tears in her eyes, to dissuade him from hostilities; but no, he was invincible even to the prayer of her who had shared both his fortunes and his bed. She was his second wife, and though in the twenty-sixth year of her age, she was his junior by fifteen such periods.

"Father! father! look out, look out!" suddenly shouted a voice from the other end of the house; and almost simultaneously the figure of the speaker, a boy, about thirteen years of age, with a very russet Ribstone pippin sort of countenance, rushed forward in a somewhat rampant state of

excitement, exclaiming: "They're closing up; look out." In reply to this, Simon calmly answered, while a relentless sneer pervaded his every look:

"I guess they are; pretty thick too." Then, turning to his wife, who still held his arm imploringly, and with an anxious look, beneath which her bosom of voluptuous mould heaved fitfully, he said: "Keep quiet, Minni; put the child down, and—" Here he was stopped by another appeal from the mother.

"Don't fire, Simon! Oh, husband! for the sake of heaven, and your poor dear children, don't shoot; if you do, we shall be all killed." At this moment a lad, a year or two older than the one just introduced, and carrying two loaded revolvers, emerged from a sort of storehouse, the door of which opened within view of the party in an opposite direction to that in which his brother, for such was the other one, had come from.

"Here they come, Ned!" said the father, addressing the elder boy and loosing himself from the supplicatory grasp of his wife, who continued her entreaties in the most earnest and beseeching manner, but to which his countenance bore evidence that he was determined not to yield. "To your post, John; quick!" spoke he, addressing the younger boy, who had been already called for by some individual as yet unseen, but who subsequently turned out to be his brother Richard, the elder of the three. "Now to work," said Simon; "and I very much calculate I'll make it pretty smart for them." Here he eyed a row of eight revolvers, which lay ready capped on a wooden siding, within arm's reach. The wife, seeing that all attempts to dissuade her husband from his plan of defence by powder and bullet failed, sat down at a short distance from the porthole, while her infant, unconscious of the surrounding danger, lay clasped to her bosom,

imbibing its lacteal meal, with one small hand half clutching the parent breast—a true emblem of innocence, it knew not of the bitter tears its unhappy mother was then shedding; tears, however, which, though bitter, fell like pearls from a casket of jewels.

The cavalcade had by this time halted at a short distance from, and in front of, the house. One of its number advanced to parley, but at the same moment a shot was fired by Simon from his impregnable ambuscade, which, after passing through the leg of the object of his aim, killed the horse he rode dead on the spot; it again, in its fall, crushing the body as well as breaking the already wounded limb of its rider.

CHAPTER II.

It is necessary to here account for the warlike operations just detailed, and before proceeding farther with the narrative, to divulge the cause of attack on the one hand, and of so obstinately prepared a defence on the other. Know, therefore, O reader, that the farmers occupying territory at Bagdad, had, for some months previous to the date mentioned, been suffering from the depredations of what they designated a band of thieves, and that Simon Radley, being one of those suspected as belonging to the said band, had been ordered to quit the place by a deputation of "Regulators," a well-known class in the United States, being individuals chosen by a community, to regulate, as their name implies, the affairs of the district in

which they live, and over which they preside as social watchmen and executors general of Lynch law. Simon Radley had, as we have named, had it notified that he would be required to change his place of residence by finally leaving Bagdad on a certain fixed day, which had expired forty-eight hours previous to that on which we first introduced him. Others had received a similar notification, with which they had duly complied, knowing it to be useless to hold out against the many; but as regards Simon Radley, although having made the promise that he would take his departure from the settlement as desired, he subsequently resolved within his own mind that he would do no such thing, but would shoot down every man who attempted to oust him. Hence the tragical resistance in which we left him engaged; a movement on his part which, it may be remarked, the Regulators had little anticipated.

Let us recur to our former scene with-

in and without the porthole, and tell of the horrors there enacted. After the first shot had been fired with the fatal effect stated, another in rapid succession was discharged, full into the breast of another of the regulators, a tall thin man, deficient in muscle, but furnished with a prodigious crop of lanky black hair, who, on being hit, wheeled his horse rapidly round, and crying out to his comrades to "scatter," galloped off a short distance and then fell to the ground, dead. The firing continued hot and rapid and with terrible fatality, from the house, for some seconds, perhaps minutes. The party scattered as quickly as possible, but left four more of their number stretched upon the field, one of whom was mortally wounded. Three horses were also shot down dead. In the thick of the firing, the one last mentioned, satisfied that he was "done for", yet determined, ere the life-blood ebbed too far, to revenge himself: yes, revenge himself on

the brink of eternity—crawled to a stump near the porthole referred to, and resting his gun upon it, while the hot blood trickled from his soon to be lifeless body, pulled the trigger of one barrel, which discharged its contents full into the face and throat of Simon Radley, tearing away the windpipe. The latter, on receiving the charge, instinctively sprang into the air, and fell back, dead. His wife uttered a shrill, agonizing cry, and moved towards him, crossing the porthole on her way; at that moment the author of her husband's death fired off his second barrel, and at the same instant expired, with his hands still clenching his gun. This latter shot proved itself as fatal in its effect as the first; for it was lodged in the left side of Radley's wife, as well as in the legs of the child which she held clasped in her arms. The former died almost instantaneously with the mangled infant clutched in her embrace.

One regulator, Theophilus Brooks, now

stood alone in front of the house, defending the wounded.

On finding his father and mother struck dead, the elder son, Richard, became desperate, and drawing the bolts of a door leading out under a short verandah facing the scene of carnage, suddenly fired direct at the head of Brooks, which shot, however, merely had the effect of providing his hat with a brace of ventilators.

The regulator, in return, blazed away on the instant, and lodged a bullet in the right temple of his assailant, who of course fell dead; but not without having simultaneously wounded Brooks in the legs, which compelled him to lie down. In the meantime, the two younger boys, and only survivors of the house of Radley, were giving way to grief and sobs over the bodies of their dead parents and the wounded infant, whose legs they found to be completely shattered.

Outside of the house there was no human

sound to be heard but the groans of the suffering, and no human thing to be seen but their tortured bodies and those of the slain, which lay strewn about in gory disorder, together with the carcases of more than a dozen horses, the whole forming a lamentable spectacle, at once dire and revolting.

Of the consequences resulting from this battle of Bagdad we shall learn anon; let us, in the meantime, proceed to make the acquaintance of all concerned. Life is full of incident—the world is full of people, even so is our book. Amen.

CHAPTER III.

In a noble and somewhat detached London mansion, on the northern side of Cavendish Square, there resided, at a period twenty years antecedent to that from which this story takes its commencement, a wealthy baronet, one Sir Wyndham Berkeley.

Sir Wyndham was a proud man, who prided himself upon his ancestral descent, and next to that upon his money, beyond which, however, he took no care for himself or the world. He was now in his forty-fifth year, during the latter sixteen of which he had been a widower. He had married, while in his twenty-second year, Jane, the second daughter of the fifth Earl of Desborough; three years after which, however, she yielded up the breath of life

and calmly forsook this vale of the flesh, leaving behind an only daughter, Caroline, who was then in the first months of infancy, the unconscious season of life's early dawn. That daughter was now a blooming beauty in her seventeenth year, before completing which, however, she eloped with her dancing master, one Victor Trelawney, a name which it may be mentioned he had assumed, no doubt thinking it better suited to his profession than the somewhat more familiar, though popular one, which it had been his lot to originally inherit.

Victor Trelawny was a man of agreeable, not to say of fascinating address,—a common feature, however, with the professors of the Terpsichorean art. He had acted a great many parts on the stage of life, and it had been his lot to share in many strange, and at times eventful escapades during a certain portion of his life, when he constituted one of that highly dexterous and accomplished corps commonly known as the

swell-mob of London. He had been privy to many forgeries and swindling transactions in which he was never discovered, and on the whole had passed through life and arrived at his twenty-seventh year with little or no interruption. He had evaded detection, and the perseveringly vigilant eye of the law to his entire satisfaction; but disinclined to pursue further an adventurous and vicious career which would continue to render him so despicable to the world, he resumed the occupation in which he was a fashionable adept, and having taken up a first class position at the western end of London, he announced himself in terms which would have done credit to the dancing-master-general for all England, and which, in combination with tact, resulted in procuring for him a certain amount of practice in the houses of the higher classes, where he displayed so much agility in the much-admired shaking, twisting, sliding, and whirling movement of his

legs, arms, and body, that he eventually danced himself into an extended connexion, and so on into the mansion of Sir Wyndham Berkeley.

Thus have we briefly sketched the career of one who soon afterwards had negociated a fugitive alliance in matrimony with the daughter of that much-incensed baronet, the consequences resulting from which fugitive marriage are destined to fill up an important part of the work before us.

CHAPTER IV.

Ten months after the occurrence of the event last-named, the wife of Victor Trelawney gave birth to our hero in a small blue-shuttered, blue-doored cottage, in a narrow, smoke-filled street, lined with two rows of such habitations, each being the exact type of its neighbour. The street was situated in the borough of Southwark, and stretched from the upper part of the Blackfriars Road, in an easterly direction, till a cross street, wearing an aspect altogether similar, bounded its length, but in nowise relieved its wretchedness of look. This was a region alone tenanted by the very poor; and the only child of the wealthy baronet of Cavendish Square and Templetown Castle, Yorkshire, could now,

indeed, be classed in that category, and no other.

Seven months after her unfortunate marriage, Victor Trelawney had been convicted of forgery at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to transportation for life, and from that time she had been helpless; for her husband, as might be expected in the case of a dancing-master, had left her utterly unprovided for. Her father, as a matter of course, had "cut" her since the time of the rash flight; and, moreover, she was too noble-minded to have asked, under the circumstances, for the slightest assistance at his hands. She knew his disposition, and with this knowledge, appreciated the malignity of the hatred with which he had regarded her since the time of her elopement. She knew that they were for ever lost to each other, and that the chief wish of her parent was to hear of her death.

As the period of her accouchement drew

near, she was prevailed upon by those of her husband's friends with whom she resided to make application to her father for assistance; but no, she was too proud, too noble, too unflinching in her original determination to do that; and when a lying-in hospital was heartlessly suggested, she made her way into the streets, and with the last few shillings she was possessed of, took a lodging in the cottage referred to, towards which she was attracted by a rude ticket in the window to that effect, and which she found to be inhabited by a laundress, as old and as poor as she looked shrivelled and wretched; but the home of that widowed and witch-visaged woman was a haven of rest for her, and she hailed it as an oasis in the wilderness of London, as a mariner long at sea hails the first peep of the looked-for land. Old Sally Dykes, as she was called by the neighbours, was something of a midwife as well as a laundress, and moreover, having been a mother herself, though now child-

less, she sympathized with the condition of her new lodger, and promised all the aid and shelter which she and her house could afford. Four days afterwards a child was born, and our never-baptised hero commenced his career upon earth.

"Bless me, what a fine boy to be sure, eh; aint he?" said Sally Dykes, the midwife, as she dandled him up and down in her arms to the delight of the mother, a few days after her *accouchement.*

"Ah! he's a lovely child; but I wish he'd never been born," observed the wife of Trelawney in reply. "I wish he had never been born," she repeated sorrowfully; and ere the words had escaped her lips she burst into tears.

It was one dark and windy night in September. Autumn had lent a rich yet melancholy glow to the landscape, but the fallen leaves that were now blown rudely across the park walks and suburban lanes, reminded the passer-by of the end of all

things; while the restless sighing, and the inconstant rushing of the wind, told a tale of coming winter as it flew about old country gables and ivy-mantled towers, and whistled plaintively down city chimneys, with its ghastly whining and its treacherous pant, searching the habitations of men, and drifting across the open landscape, where the billowy waving of the rye fields, and the rustling sounds of the many-voiced trees, lent animation to the prospect.

It was night—nine o'clock at night—when Caroline Trelawney took her way from the blue doored, blue shuttered cottage in which she had given birth to our hero. Nobody saw her go out. She left her child sleeping on her humble bed. Old Sally Dykes was out attending on a sick woman in a neighbouring street, and Caroline and her infant child alone remained in the cottage. There was very little fire in the grate of the front room, and no candle illumined the darkness which reigned within and without the apart-

ment. A sob occasionally broke ominously to life from the mother. The old woman was not able to, nor would she have allowed her, to support her and her child—there was nothing that she could do suggested itself to her. She felt wretched and heart-broken. She despaired. So, putting on her bonnet and shawl, she left the house for the first time since her confinement, and took her way in the direction of the bridge. She walked slowly and unsteadily along, for she was still weak, so that it was not for nearly half-an-hour afterwards that she reached it. She paused when half-way across, and looked over. She saw the black tide rolling beneath and between the arches; and the white foam rushing over the shallows or breakers on either side alluringly attracted her gaze. At one moment she turned away with a shudder, but the next instant, without even looking round to see whether she was observed, she plunged over, head first, uttering a wild

shriek, which had scarce died away when the heavy splash of her body in the water broke upon the ear of a passer-by. This was the last of the wife of Victor Trelawney, for although drags and such like were promptly put into requisition, the body was never recovered.

Great was the wonder of old Sally Dykes on her return to the cottage, to find that Mrs. Trelawney was absent from her bed, and, moreover, from the cottage. "Bless me, yes," observed the old woman aloud, in consultation with herself, "and there's her bonnet gone; yes, there's her shawl gone too. Bless me, where could she have gone to at this time of night? If this aint mysterious," she continued; "if this aint mysterious, I say I don't know what is. Where could she have got to? Bless me, if ever I did; here it is nearly twelve o'clock; well, to be sure." At this stage she opened the door and went out to peep in at the windows of various neighbours; but she found all in

bed, save at Jack Scragg, the cobbler's, with whom, and wife, she immediately sought an interview, and consulted on the strange disappearance of her lodger and patient.

"She belong to fine folks, doesen she?" asked the cobbler, after the introductory part of the conversation had passed.

"Yes, oh! yes, very fine indeed; why her father's a lord, and her mother's a duchess, I heerd on her sayin," answered Sally Dykes.

"Oh! that's all gammon—all gammon," said the cobbler, laughing ironically.

"Well, she's something very fine, I don't know exactly; but it's as I say," continued the mummy-looking professor of the art of midwifery.

"Maybe she's gone to her own place," suggested the cobbler.

"Well, poor thing, she wanted to if she has, that's all I've to say, for she hasn't a halfpenny of money; and, poor thing, she's been a grievin' all through."

This, and a great deal more of such conversation, passed between the midwife and the cobbler. The wife of the latter was in bed, and said but little before Sally took her departure, and then only to wonder and ruminate about her absent lodger still farther.

"Oh! she'll be back soon, she's left the child," observed the old woman to herself; but, alas, such prophesy was vain, for no tidings of Mrs. Trelawney ever gratified the ears of the skeleton widow.

CHAPTER V.

Ten years after the banishment of Victor Trelawney to that floral region called Botany Bay, situated in the salubrious clime of New South Wales, Australia, that individual, then a prisoner undergoing penal servitude, succeeded in making his escape, as many had done before him, from the custody of his keepers, no doubt feeling thoroughly sick of working in the "chain-gang," and the unwelcome duties of quarrying, stone-breaking, and road-making, ever attendant on the daily life of a convict. He, as is common in such cases, made direct off into the "bush," and there soon found succour in the company of several congenial spirits, also "runaway convicts," but now better known as "bushrangers,"—men who prac-

tised the art of highway robbery and assassination as their profession and means of livelihood, and did it as boldly, though perhaps not as politely, as their brethren of yore on the high roads of England, and particularly, if we may judge from traditional report, in the neighbourhood of Hounslow Heath.

The bushranger's life is a bold, exciting, and adventurous one; and were it not for the sin of the thing,—were he making foray against a foreign enemy instead of against his fellow-countrymen, the life would be an enviable one. As it is, however, the avocation is a despicable one, and the bushranger is at once both the terror and the bane of the settler. Many a gallop and many a run for life,—many a hand to hand combat with parties of stockkeepers and detachments of police, was it the lot of Victor Trelawney and his companions in the wilderness, to experience during the two years which he spent as a

prowler over the wilds of that nigh unpeopled country. Night after night, month after month, with no roof but the canopy of heaven, wandered the outlaws. The rustling of giant trees wooed them to slumber; and the crackling of burning logs ever characterised their camping ground. Theirs was a romantic life; isolated from the rest of civilised mankind, and only occasionally herding or holding intercourse with the aborigines, their bodies inured to every change and exposure, and their minds continually plotting and impelling them on to deeds of unscrupulous daring, they outrivalled in their untiring prowess the buccaneers, or, in fact, any other hostile wayfarers of either old or modern times.

At length Victor Trelawney and his party of six men, of whom "Black Prince", a celebrated bushranger, for whose body, dead or alive, the government had long offered a reward of a hundred pounds, were pounced upon by the police one night when com-

fortably seated round their "Bush" fire, engaged, each with a short black pipe in his mouth, in cooking damper and roasting mutton; sheep or cattle plentifully abounding wherever they went; that is, within twenty or thirty miles,—a short distance in the eyes of a well mounted Australian, whether he be bushranger or stockman.

When the police presented themselves, there was no loss of the customary presence of mind displayed by the bushrangers. True, there was a rush to arms, and a retreat, but this was instinctive as the police were amongst them. Had the latter been seen to advance sooner than they were, they would have stood their ground and fought, though with unequal numbers. As it was, they had no time to fire, but "Black Prince" levelled his piece at one that advanced to make him prisoner, and shot him dead off his horse; which latter immediately took fright, and galloped off. "Black Prince" almost simultaneously with

his first shot, fired a second from his revolver, into the breast of one who had made Victor prisoner. At the same moment, a bullet whizzed through his hair, scarring his ear; seeing that resistance would be futile and fatal, he ran off, receiving a shot from behind, which passed through his coat sleeve on the way, rapidly followed by Victor, who, released by "Black Prince's" shot, darted after him in a state of the wildest excitement. They had entered a dense scrub, where no horse could follow them; and quickly, with practised manœuvre, they took a course most calculated to puzzle and perplex their followers, and soon threaded their way into the open forest. "D— it, there's the horse," spake "Black Prince," alluding to the one we have seen gallop from under his dead rider, as he ran on in company with Victor. "On to him, he'll bear us both," and in less than a minute afterwards, the horse was galloping away in the direction of the mountains,

the safe refuge of pursued bushrangers, with whose geography the former of the two men, and leader of the captured gang, was in every way familiar.

On and on they galloped, the strong horse bounding over the grass-grown, leaf-strewn ground, picturesquely besprinkled with the lofty she oak and gnarled gum-tree. Victor held his breath and listened, and then drew it audibly, and listened again in the same breathless suspense as the horse hurried them along towards the rocky passes of the Liverpool Mountains. For thirty miles the horse was kept at galloping speed. The men then dismounted to climb the mountain, and lead their exhausted steed to follow with them; but no! the poor beast gasped and struggled to regain his breath, but alas! in vain; he threw up his head with a gurgling, panting snort, and fell dead at the feet of the fugitives.

"By heaven! he's dead," ejaculated Prince,

—"Bad omen; it won't do to let them see this; we must keep to the north, Turpin," such being the name bestowed upon Victor by his compeers; and, quick to the word, the carcase was left behind, and the two men hurried up the mountain side, and were very soon lost amongst the crags, still pursuing their way, through the black night, in the direction named by the captain of the captured gang.

Let us recur to the scene of bivouac at the time of attack. Two horsemen immediately went in pursuit of the two fugitives, but little suspecting that the horse which we have sketched as so unhappily yielding up the ghost at the foot of the mountains, had borne them away—took quite an opposite direction in their search to that in which the horse was fast galloping, and of course were unsuccessful in the capture, greatly to their own disgust. The police, of whom there were originally seven, had two of their number killed by the shots

fired by Black Prince, the remaining five bushrangers being unable to use their arms, owing to the suddenness of the attack. The four prisoners were conveyed, handcuffed, to Sydney, where they were tried three weeks afterwards, and sentenced to be hanged; which sentence was duly carried out, by the four culprits being suspended, each from his gibbet, one dark morning in the otherwise bright month of November, constituting at once a revolting spectacle, and a disgrace to civilisation; for capital punishment, especially when performed by the rope, is something more than barbarous, and on the present occasion the very elements seemed to frown upon so horrible a work of man,—so degrading—yea, sickening, a scene.

CHAPTER VI.

It was not until weeks had elapsed, that Black Prince and Turpin returned upon the journey across country as far as a small station, or township, on the Paramatta river, bearing the native name of Wollongongala; but since less euphoniously baptized B——, by the colonists, where small trading schooners from Port Jackson were occasionally to be met with, and by one of which they hoped to be able to obtain a passage to the latter port, and from thence embark, either as sailors or passengers, as best suited them, for England.

They were not without money, Prince having eighty, and Turpin sixty pounds; and fortune favouring them, the little craft,

"Alice," bore them to Sydney harbour, which they reached three days after their arrival at Wollongongala, and thirty-two hours after their departure from that settlement. They did not lag at Sydney, but took passage by the first vessel leaving that port, being, as may be supposed, anxious to make their escape from New South Wales as quickly and as secretly as their ingenuity could devise. The brig, "Whale-chaser," bound for Auckland, New Zealand, happened to be the craft selected; and at daylight on the morning following the arrival of the two men at Sydney cove, the brig spread her canvass and ploughed on before a favourable breeze o'er the billowy waters of the picturesque bay, and, passing through the "Heads," emerged upon the outstretched ocean, and rode gallantly, like a thing of life, towards the island of the Maori and the palm, bearing with her the outlaws.

CHAPTER VII.

Bushranging was out of the question in New Zealand, so Black Prince now doffed his sobriquet, and assumed the name of Charles Winterthorne, while Turpin, acting likewise, announced himself as Theophilus Brooks; and each, in conjunction, recommenced the world as settlers and agriculturists. They erected their hut of bark, branches, and mud; which, we may remark, looked considerably more unpicturesque, and formed a much less comfortable dwelling-place, than the warree of a native, on a spot where the forest had been cleared thirty or forty feet right and left. Above and beyond them the tangled foliage of the wilderness rose up in impervious density and majestic growth. The fern-like kaikatera, decked

out with its blood-red berries, stood up amid tree ferns whose long slender stems shot up through the dense underwood sixty feet high, capped by their delicately spreading fronds, that hung fountain-like in the air. Far above them the oak towered in rude but imposing majesty, giving shade and shelter to those beneath. Hundreds of specimens of arborescent and other gigantic leaved ferns, grew up in picturesque beauty, and fascinated the eyes of the settlers, as step by step they advanced through the forest. Parasitical climbing plants, boa constrictor-like, curled their luxuriant coils from stem to stem, winding themselves round mammoth trunks and hugging tender saplings, then flinging their long, trailing branches to the earth, and there re-rooting themselves again but to throw out their giant arms and clutch, perhaps, some withered stump, and array it in all the brilliant beauty of their own green leaves and richly coloured blossoms, anon to cast forth their delicate

festoons, to be shaken by every breeze till they might again embrace. Enormous mistletoes clung, vampire-like, to various kinds of gum trees. The graceful clematis, with its spangling silver-like stars, brightened the dark recesses of the forest, which was carpeted by the tough network of the karean, together with a flourishing variety of moss and lichens.

"This is all very well to look at, if you are fond of a little botany," observed Brooks to his mate; "but it's not Victor Trelawney that intends to cut through it."

From this the reader will be able to form an idea that that personage had not entered heart and soul into the spirit of colonization; and consequently he will not be surprised when he finds Theophilus Brooks turning his attention to some other, and to him more congenial employment than that of clearing waste land for agricultural purposes. This feeling was soon shared in by his companion, and by mutual consent they

resolved upon opening a trade with the Maoris in lieu of farming. They gave nails, "fire-water" (a pernicious mixture of adulterated rum), and pieces of flannel, together with a variety of almost valueless ornaments,—things much prized, however, by the Wyeenis (Maori women),—in exchange for the skins and bones of various animals, oil, flax, gum, and land; the latter was purchased from the chiefs only, who duly signed away their territory for pieces of cotton cloth, or any other such trifles. Great, however, was the wrath of Tewherowhero and Rangihaieta, two veteran chieftains, when they found out the importance of what they had thus done in ignorance, and slaughter often attended the attempt, on the part of some Sydney purchaser and holder of the chieftain's deed of assignment, to take possession of his land; but of what use was his deed when opposed by the warlike and dauntless savage, who would think as little of killing and eating him as civilized man would of swallowing an oyster.

After two years of unscrupulous trading with the Maoris, Victor, or rather Theophilus Brooks, resolved, in his own language, to "cut" the blacks; and accordingly, with three hundred and seventy pounds in his possession, he bade good-bye to his late partner, and took passage by sailing ship direct for London, where he arrived on the 12th of December, 1846. Since the month in which Caroline his wife gave birth to our hero, and in which he was shipped on board a transport, he had neither heard nor seen anything of her. No letter telling even of the birth of her child had ever reached him. None had been sent to him. His first mission after landing was to proceed to number forty-four in a street leading out of the Westminster Road, where his former friend, Sylvanus Scamperwell, with whom his wife was staying at the time of his departure from England, had then resided.

Scamperwell was at that time actor, play-

wright, prompter, in fact a theatrical jack of all trades attached to the Surrey Theatre, and inhabited the small house alluded to, at a rental of twenty-five pounds a year, in company with his mother (a sallow-faced woman, of a dropsical tendency, which gave her the appearance of being everlastingly in the family way, as somebody once observed of her), his wife, and two precocious-looking babes his children. Victor knocked at the door, which was opened by a common-looking woman in disorderly attire.

"Does Mr. Scamperwell live here?" asked the visitant.

"No!" answered the woman, eyeing him with distrust.

"Can you tell me where he has gone to?" pursued he; "he used to live here."

"I'll ask," said the woman; and closing the door in the face of the inquirer, she retired to do so.

"They'll tell you at the corner shop—Booth's," spoke the woman when she reappeared in a minute or so afterwards.

"Thank you," said Victor, and forthwith he took his way to the place named. It was a small-ware shop of the half huxter kind.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Scamperwell—Sylvanus Scamperwell—has gone to?" asked Victor. "He used to live at number fourteen here; I've been there, but they can't tell me; they said that you could."

"Yes, sir," answered the elderly woman addressed; "the Strand Theatre. I don't know his other address, but that will find him."

"Oh, thank you!" ejaculated the searcher after Mr. Scamperwell; and with a frank "Good morning!" he vanished, and, hiring the first cab he met, drove to the door of the Strand Theatre, where he soon accosted the boxkeeper with—

"Oh! can you give me the private address of Mr. Scamperwell; or, perhaps, he's here—eh?"

"Can't tell you, sir," answered that individual; "but if you'll leave a note here, he'll get it."

Victor was not half satisfied with this, but withdrew shortly afterwards to a neighbouring coffee-house, where he penned a few lines to Mr. Scamperwell, announcing his return from transportation, and inquiring whether his wife was still alive, and if so, where she was to be found. He addressed his letter from a certain hotel in the vicinity of Cornhill, where he was then staying, and promptly returned to the theatre with the epistle, which he left there. Scamperwell duly received the communication that night, which, as may be supposed, he perused with much astonishment.

"What was he like?" he asked, addressing the boxkeeper; "seedy?"

"Oh no! not at all," replied the latter; "quite a swell,—gold chain and ring."

"Ah!" ejaculated Scamperwell, with a smile of surprise, and forthwith he set his

mental machinery to work to see if something could not be made out of him.

On the morning following, Scamperwell took his way to the "Brazen Nose" Hotel, City, and warmly welcomed the return of his old acquaintance to London and to liberty.

"Free pardon?" asked the visitant.

"Yes, free pardon," answered Victor, "after more than a dozen years of it."

"Well, about Mrs. Trelawney," observed Scamperwell.

"Yes," said Victor, with impatient curiosity.

"The last I heard of her," continued the former, "was after her recovery from the smallpox, four or five years ago."

"Has she gone back to her father, Sir Wyndham?" asked the other, with excitement of manner.

"Oh no!" answered the theatrical personage, "he'd never have anything to do with her."

"She's alive then?" observed Trelawney.

"Oh, yes; she's alive. I don't know where she is now, or what she's doing; but if you like, I can find out for you. She's at Bristol, I believe; still I can't say certainly; but as I just said, I can put you on the track of finding her."

"Just so! thank you, old fellow," responded Trelawney.

"Made money out there?" asked Scamperwell.

"Yes; a few hundreds," coolly observed the former; and so the conversation proceeded. It transpired, at the interview, that Scamperwell's wife had died, together with the two children, since the departure of Trelawney for Botany Bay, in 1833; and it was also represented by the former, that Mrs. Trelawney had given birth to a son, which had also died, and in early infancy.

The husband was, as a matter of course, aware that his wife was enceinte at the

period when he had last seen her; but, as we have before remarked, had never heard of her accouchement. Neither had Sylvanus Scamperwell. He was guided by Trelawney's note, left at the theatre, and he was determined to take advantage of the latter's ignorance regarding the true state of the case. Scamperwell played his nefarious part well. Day by day, he made representations to Trelawney respecting the progress of the search after the lost wife, and succeeded in drawing money for the purpose, as stated, of defraying his expenses into the country, and various other matters. But these were minor acts in the drama, the grand point was the substitution of one Johanna Neill, a woman of ill repute, who had never been married, for the long estranged, and, alas! departed Caroline. This was a thing more feasible in the eyes of Sylvanus Scamperwell, than may appear to the minds of an ordinary observer. First, the age of the former was nearly equal to that of the latter, had she

been still living, and then her make and general appearance was greatly in favour of the deception, while the fact of her having experienced a visitation of the small pox was sufficient to account for any change in the countenance; moreover, more than fourteen years had elapsed since the time of Trelawney's last having seen his wife, and that ere she had undergone maternity. To sum up briefly, the case was "cooked" to such perfection by Scamperwell, and the putative wife was so dexterously put up to everything concerning herself as the alleged daughter of Sir Wyndham Berkeley, that Trelawney entertained not the slightest doubt as to her being the Caroline of old; even if he had it is questionable whether he would have rejected her. He wanted a wife.

For this piece of diplomacy on the part of Scamperwell, he was rewarded by Johanna Neill to the extent of twenty-five pounds; while from Trelawney he had succeeded in

drawing about half that sum; a very desirable addition to his income about this time; for he was very low in funds, as, indeed, it was ever his lot to be.

Shortly after this, the pair, in accordance with the original intention of Trelawney, who now went by the name of Theophilus Brooks, being the one he had adopted after his arrival at New Zealand, took passage, by sailing ship, for New York, with the view of opening for himself a more promising career in the new, than fortune seemed destined to allot him in the old world.

CHAPTER VIII.

Soon after the arrival of Theophilus Brooks at New York, he, to use his own phraseology, turned merchant, and commenced an active trade in wooden nutmegs, and hams to match, together with a variety of things similar: which at the present day are denominated under the one general heading of "Yankee curiosities." But Theophilus Brooks was an itinerant trader, journeying from city to city, and village to village; and not, as the term merchant would imply, a man settled down to business and its consequent dollars and cents, in some defined place. The life suited his erratic, bush-ranging disposition; and, as he was no longer fit to be a dancing master, he had turned pedlar.

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The profits, however, resulting from the latter trade, he found to be so agreeably large, that he much preferred it, in a pecuniary point of view, to his original professorship of the terpsichorean art; moreover, his putative wife being as unscrupulous as himself, as might be expected from her former mode of life, and having a similar taste for a life ever on the move, became a very useful partner, and rendered him no inconsiderable assistance in promoting his sale of the wooden articles before mentioned, a very fraudulent application of timber in the personation of spice and swine, as will be readily admitted.

The father of our hero was still carrying on his trade, but in a more wholesale, and, be it said, legitimate manner, than at the first onset of his American career, when suddenly news of the discovery of gold in California, swept over the United States like a tornado over ocean, arousing the sea of its population into a boiling fever of excitement,

and not alone the people of the United States, but of—only to a lesser extent, of course—the whole world.

Gold was the very thing, with its attendant evils and excitement, to allure the soul and body of Trelawney from their customary pursuits. The very name was enough; it was as the magnet to the steel. So on with the torrent of adventurers rushed he towards the glittering attractions of the auriferous banks of the Sacramento, leaving behind the putative wife to share the fate of wives in general under such circumstances; for it was considered, and half justly, to be sheer madness to take a woman to such a country at such a time.

"Gold," was the universal cry; and the magical word impelled thousands from homes of peace and happiness to wend their way as hungry adventurers to a land in which tumult and disorder held universal sway.

Time, ever on the wing, rolled months

away; steamer after steamer had left New York for Colon, since called Aspinwall, and *vice versâ*, *en route*, *viâ* the isthmus of Panama, to and from the land of treasure, but still no letter arrived from Theophilus Brooks, and his disconsolate better half remained ignorant as to his existence or his fate. She was a woman who knew a little more of human nature than most of her sex; and, moreover, was endowed with a certain dauntlessness of mind and feeling that prompted her to brave anything her fancy or her will suggested. So Mrs. Theophilus Brooks, as she was called, took passage from New York, by the *Illinois* steamer, for Colon, and having crossed the then pestiferous neck of land which stretches from the turbulent Atlantic to the glassy Pacific, partly by boat down the Chagres river, and the remaining part of the journey on the back of a mule, she took steamer again from Panama to San Francisco, at which place she arrived, in company with fifteen hun-

dred fellow passengers, in less than a fortnight afterwards.

Great was the social disorganization of a community, reckless by nature as the Americans are; prone to, and giving way to, every excess which mankind can perpetrate, as was then the case in California. Human life was as nothing; and law, if it did exist, was set at defiance. Retribution, justice, protection, were alone to be found in the revolver and the bullet; and the evil passions of men were let loose in that vortex of iniquity, that social hell, San Francisco.

It so happened, that Mrs. Theophilus Brooks had very little trouble in finding her alleged husband after her arrival at the latter city, for he had recently opened a "bar" room, and "set up" a store in a prominent position there, and his name conspicuously figured over the respective doors of his places of business. Six weeks before, he had returned from "Hellgate",

a celebrated gold district, or "diggings", with sixteen thousand dollars in his possession; and after losing three-fourths of it at the game of "poker", and winning the same back again, plus an additional sum, he embarked in the speculation we now find him engaged in; that of the bar room or public house, being the most paying concern in California.

"How was it you didn't write?" asked the pseudo wife, with a rather sharp display of feminine indignation.

"Why? because I wasn't ready for you," answered Trelawney. "This isn't a country for a woman to come to." From this it may be surmised that he could very well have borne with the absence of his presumed partner in matrimony.

Months more rolled away, and the social disorder was but augmented by the continuous influx of people from all ends of the earth. Theophilus Brooks had now opened a magnificent palace, or rather hell,

used for gambling purposes, a gorgeous and extensive saloon brilliantly lighted by night, with small tables arranged down either side of it, where sat "bankers", hirers of a table, each with his revolver and bag of gold by his side. Groups of excited gamblers were formed about many, and sometimes all, of the tables; and not unfrequently the report of firearms was to be heard in that so-called "palace" of enticement.

A restaurant and café were attached, presided over by gauze-covered females, whose voluptuously set-off forms, and coquettish looks of witchery, were at all times sources of attraction to the herds of gloating diggers, fresh from the mines, who nightly filled these lighted halls. Palace after palace subsequently rose up, and murder after murder stained their precincts, where brawling drunkenness was ever an attendant; but happily for California, and the world, these dens of vice and iniquity

have now been interdicted by the law of the State, and the social system of San Francisco has been purified thereby.

But to the pseudo wife of Theophilus Brooks. She had not been five months in San Francisco before she eloped to the United States with a successful gambler and six thousand dollars of Trelawney's money, leaving behind her a letter stating that she was not his wife; that it was a mere piece of imposition on the part of Sylvanus Scamperwell and herself, when such was represented to be the case; and advising him to console himself in the best manner he could, with the remark, that the six thousand dollars taken was merely her own share in the original dispensation of timber nutmegs and wooden hams, when they, in partnership, wandered together from Indianapolis to Alabama.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not long after the occurrence of the event last mentioned, before Trelawney took his own departure from San Francisco by the Panama steamer, *en route* for New York. Taking up his residence at a boarding house in the latter city, he was soon brought in contact with young ladies, who, in spite of the disparity of years between them, would have readily embraced the offer of a man of such real and reputed wealth as Theophilus Brooks. He was now in his forty-fourth year, but being of rather a florid complexion, he looked hale, and some years younger than he actually was. American ladies are not very fastidious as to antecedents; so that the returned Californian found it a pleasant and by no means difficult task to seek and win a wife,

which he had been very anxious to do, for the sake of posterity, he having the organ of philoprogenitiveness fully developed, but no offspring that he yet knew of to call him "father."

Shortly after the termination of the honey-moon following his marriage—he took it for granted that he should never see or hear of his first wife again—Mr. Theophilus Brooks commenced (in the language of the day) to look about him for a place where he might settle down permanently and cultivate the *dolce far niente* in rural felicity and retirement in company with his bride and to be hoped for family. At length the State of Georgia was selected; and having made several investments in land forming part of that territory, he finally took up his residence at Bagdad, the settlement already sketched in our opening chapter, and where we have introduced him as one of the "Regulators" in that sanguinary scene enacted within and without the barricaded house of Simon Radley.

CHAPTER X.

Let us here recur to our hero. Days passed by and still no tidings of the missing mother entered the cottage of Sally Dykes.

"Well, if this isn't the most mysterious thing that I ever seen," soliloquised the old midwife. "Here she's gone and left her child without saying a word. Bless me, if it isn't the strangest thing I ever heard of. Left her child, indeed! What's to become of it? I don't know."

It was not for a week after the disappearance of Mrs. Trelawney that Sarah Dykes discovered in the apartment in which the former gave birth to our hero, an envelope, addressed Mrs. Trelawney, 44, —— Street, Westminster Road. "Ah! what's this?" ejaculated the old woman half exultingly,

as she read the inscription, and on that very afternoon she took her way to number 44, —— Street, which was no other than the house inhabited by the Scamperwell family, in the full expectation of hearing everything about the missing "lady". "Excuse me, ma'am," spoke the midwife to Mrs. Scamperwell, who, with a child in her arms, happened to open the door to her. "I've called to see if you know a person— a lady — named Trelawney. Mrs. Trelawney?"

"Yes! we know her," answered the childbearer, somewhat gruffly.

"Can you tell me, then, if you please, where she is now?" asked the tenant of the blue-shuttered cottage.

"No! we don't know anything about her. She was living with us for a time, but she's left, and we don't expect to see her again. Why? have you something to do with her?" asked the wife of Scamperwell.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am, I have; and I'd like to speak with you about it. She was confined in my house."

"Oh, indeed," responded Mrs. Scamperwell; "just come inside;" and, prompt to the invitation Sally Dykes entered the house, and was led into a small, flimsily bedecked front parlour, where the two women took each a seat, and the child at this time becoming clamorous, the mother performed a certain evolution which instantaneously pacified the infant, for after that it lay with cheek reclining on the parent breast, calmly engaged in a deep drink, which was afterwards succeeded by an equally calm and deep sleep; such being the chief incidents in the early life of human kind, and apparently, for the time being, the only things for whose performance little children were created. The women had scarcely recommenced their conversation, when Scamperwell made his appearance.

"Here's a person about Trelawney's

wife," said Mrs. Scamperwell, addressing him.

"Oh, well, what about her?" asked he hastily, with an air of perfect disinterestedness.

"She's been confined—it's a boy," continued the wife, "she lay-in at this person's house."

"Oh!" ejaculated Scamperwell, "and how is she?"

"Ah, that's the strangest part of it, sir," put in Sally Dykes. "She left my house last Monday night, and I havn't seen nor heard a word of her since, and it's only today I found this envelope, which brought me here, thinking I should hear of her."

"No, we know nothing of her," observed the husband.

"Dear me, it's very strange. Do you know where her relations live? she told me she was of fine folks," observed the visitant.

"No; we don't know anything about

her relations," answered Scamperwell, promptly and decisively, well knowing that he was uttering a lie. His wife knew better than to contradict him.

"Bless me, I don't know what I shall do with the child, poor thing!" exclaimed the old woman, and as if overcome by her own good feelings in its behalf, she leaned her forehead on her hand, while her elbow rested on her knee, and the tender sorrow of that poor old widow for the condition of the child which then lay sleeping in her cottage, gushed forth in tears that trickled down her withered cheek, as in the sixty-second year of her age she sat in the house and presence of Sylvanus Scamperwell, the arch falsifier.

Sally Dykes returned to her humble cottage, disappointed and half-heartbroken at not having obtained any clue as to the missing Mrs. Trelawney or her family connexions. "Poor thing!" she ejaculated aloud, but to herself; and alluding to the mother, "I

wonder where she could have got to. She's either ill or dead, it strikes me, or she wouldn't have left her child here by itself. Poor creature! she was so distressed that I shouldn't wonder if she's drowned herself. The Lord help her!" And so soliloquised Widow Dykes for weeks, yea months, during which time the child still remained in the cottage, and grew up under her fosterage.

The wife of Jack Scragg the cobbler, whom we have before mentioned, and who gave birth to a child some weeks before our hero sprung to life, but which child died six days subsequent to the suicide of Mrs. Trelawney, undertook to suckle it: and well be it said of her that she displayed a motherly interest in its behalf, which was only equalled by the spirit and devotion of Sally Dykes. Where would such benignity —such disinterested compassion and truly zealous philanthropy have been found amongst the middle classes of English so-

ciety? Echo answers the question, and the response is—nowhere.

Eight years rolled by, and still the widow inhabited the same blue-shuttered cottage, and still our hero shared it with her, as had been his wont from the first dawn of life. Nothing had ever been heard of Mrs. Trelawney; and Sally Dykes remained as ignorant as of yore, as to who were the relatives or friends of one whose disappearance was so enveloped in mystery, and was even now the chief theme of her daily conversation with "little Harry," as our hero had been named by her. From the time the boy had reached his eighth till he attained his twelfth year, he served as an errand-boy at the shop of a neighbouring grocer, who, in return for the use of his services, gave him board and lodging, and furnished him with such clothes as were necessary for a lad of his station and pursuits. This was a timely engagement, and one that relieved the old widow of a large

share of trouble and anxiety; for she considered that he was fairly launched into the world when Mr. Sliding Weights, the keeper of the shop alluded to, took him into his household. Truly, he might be said to have commenced his active career in life from that day; but it was not until he had outrun his twelfth year, and voluntarily forsaken the house and employment of the grocer, that his more adventurous journey, and his association with mankind, may be said to have begun. Then, indeed, he drifted, rude hurricane swept, over the relentless sea of life, and, friendless and alone as he was, buffeted with every assailing wave that crossed his trackless course o'er—here the desert, and there the ocean of the world.

It so happened that he was, on more than one occasion, sent down to the St. Katherine's docks with messages from his employer, and that on each occasion of his there beholding the forest of masts and

rigging, which stood up from the assembled hulls of ships that had ploughed their solitary way from many a country and through many a clime, and that now lay disgorging their seaborne cargoes, he was filled with the desire of being carried away in one of them far over the heaving billows of the wild Atlantic, of which he had heard so much, but had never seen; and while thus viewing the crowded shipping, he resolved within himself on becoming a sailor. "But how am I to get a ship," he reasoned; then springing forward as if elated with joy at the prospect of a life on the ocean, he ejaculated, "Oh yes, I'll go to sea—I'll go,"—and, Reader, he did go. Entirely unassisted, the lad of twelve years, after asking on board many ships, was at last taken as a boy on board the barque, *Flash of the Heavens*, bound for Jamaica; and knowing that both Widow Dykes and his employer were averse to his going to sea, he left his home, and soon afterwards

quitted the port of London without even bidding good-bye to either.

"Bless me, Harry's run away!—I never did see such a thing," talked the old midwife to those of her neighbours with whom she was intimate, and they were pretty numerous. "Just like his mother,—never said a word about it," continued she. "He's gone to sea, depend on it; he said he would. He was afraid to tell us. Oh, poor little fellow! poor child! gone away without saying a word after all these years, and after having brought him up from his very birth,"—and here the poor old woman burst into tears; and great was her grief for many a day after the departure of her foster-child, for where, she knew not.

Twelve months passed away, but they brought in their revolution no tidings of the missing boy. She received, indeed, as had been his annual wont, a visit from Mr. Scamperwell; but that individual still professing entire ignorance as to the family

connexions of Mrs. Trelawney, or her adventurous son, and being, of course, himself unacquainted with the course taken by our hero, nothing transpired which rendered Widow Dykes in any way wiser than she ever was.

CHAPTER XI.

It was one rosy morning in June, a little more than twelve months after the sudden disappearance of Harry Trelawney from the shop of Mr. Sliding Weights, that a boy, in a sailor's jacket and trousers, made his appearance through the open door of the widow's cottage.

"Bless my soul and body! Harry, I do declare!" ejaculated the widow, looking up, and letting fall the poker with which she had been engaged in stirring up the fire, on which stood a rather huge pan, that

afterwards turned out to be a stew made of linen, *i. e.* shirts and collars, which she presided over in her capacity of laundress.

"Yes, Mother Dykes, it is;" and in a moment the agitated old creature had him clasped in her arms.

"Where have you been all this time?" she asked, while the tears of joy on his return chased each other down her furrowed cheek. "Been to sea?—left his poor foster-mother without even saying a word," continued the kind and motherly-feeling adoptress, hugging him all the while in far too fervent a manner to be comfortable for our hero, who at length sat down, and explained everything to her respecting the cause of his silence at the time of departure, and his doings since.

"Dear me, poor child, how glad Nelly Scraggs will be to see thee! Bless me, and old Sliding Weights, how he'll stare! Come on!" she exclaimed, taking his hand with the view of leading him to the shop of the

grocer, and then of exhibiting him to the neighbours. He was the prodigal son. Six weeks after this, he sailed as cabin-boy in the brig *Wild Wave*, for Manilla, from which port he was carried to Hong Kong, and from thence back again to Manilla, from which island of Luconia the vessel sailed direct to Queenstown, "to wait orders," and from which port of Inisfail she finally proceeded on to Liverpool, where our hero left her.

We have thus briefly recounted his doings during the fifteen months following his return to London by the barque in which he made his first voyage. He was now in his fifteenth year. He had already met with, in addition to much hard work, many a cruel flogging on board each of the ships in which he had sailed, but more particularly the last. He determined, if possible, to avoid shipping himself in a sailing vessel again. It was his ambition to voyage in a steamer. Weeks, however, passed over

him, during which time he led a wretched half-starved existence; but at length he was engaged as steward's boy on board a Glasgow steamer, which vessel was subsequently wrecked, not far from the mouth of the Clyde, and our hero, on that occasion, narrowly escaped sharing the melancholy fate of many of her passengers, who there yielded up the breath of life, and perished beneath the inexorable waters. He was carried from the scene of the wreck to "Lanarkshire's great city," on board of a steamer sent for the purpose of conveying the survivors to their destined port.

His first and chief object after landing, was to obtain, if practicable, re-employment in the service of the Company to which the fated steamer had belonged; but in this he was unsuccessful. He then directed his attention to the ships in harbour, on board one of which he was soon afterwards engaged, again, as cabin-boy. This ship, the *Thistle*, was bound for Auckland

and New Zealand, and carried both cargo and passengers. She was entirely dismasted, and had her bulwarks carried away in the Bay of Biscay, and was consequently under the necessity of putting into Lisbon for repairs, and, lamentable to relate, was subsequently driven ashore on the island of New Caledonia through stress of weather, and totally wrecked. For months the crew and emigrants remained on this cannibal peopled isle. True, they found a few French settlers there, which, however, judging from the character and warlike appearance of the natives, it was surprising they had not massacred. The part of the coast on which the ship drifted was rocky and barren; while beyond, far as the eye could scan, the scenery was wild in the extreme. It was imposing in its very excess of desolation.

There were two hundred and three souls on board; one hundred and seventy-nine of which were landed in safety, the remaining number perished while being conveyed

to, or in the endeavour to swim ashore, while some were either washed from off, or perished on the wreck. For many days the shore presented a picture too heartrending for description; and many was the wail that rose up from those bereft of kin, while the mangled bodies of the dead lay strewn along the beach. By and by the aborigines, savage-looking and wild, crowded about the wreck, and, under pretence of burying the bodies carried them away, and after due roasting, fed upon them.

The Europeans valued their lives too much to remonstrate. The French station lay at the distance of about forty miles higher up the coast. One of the natives pointed to his canoe, and made signs for one or two of the Europeans to get into it; the captain and chief mate accepted the offer, and were paddled away.

On the day following, a sailing cutter approached, which was joyfully hailed by the shipwrecked; it proved, as was ex-

pected, to have been sent by the French settled on the island, with the captain of the broken *Thistle* on board, who was warmly welcomed on his landing, fears having been entertained for his safety at the hands of the natives since the time of his departure.

In the course of time the whole of the survivors were removed by a British vessel, sent for that purpose, to their original destination, Auckland. Our hero, as a matter of course, was left to himself, with perfect liberty of action, after being landed on the shores of the far-famed Maori, from which his unknown father had but recently receded towards the port of London, and the presence of Sylvanus Scamperwell, as we have already told. It was not long before he obtained employment, and that in the store of a produce merchant, with whom Charles Winterthorne, alias our old friend Black Prince, had many dealings, and with whom our hero was often brought in contact.

CHAPTER XII.

A LITTLE more than twelve months from the time of Sally Dykes' first interview with the Scamperwell family, Mrs. Scamperwell yielded up the ghost, and found rest beneath the sod, and shortly afterwards her eldest child, a girl, followed in her wake.

At eleven o'clock, on one Thursday in March, and six months after the occurrence of the latter event, Sylvanus Scamperwell took his way to the house of Sir Wyndham Berkeley in Cavendish Square, and there sought and procured an interview with that dignified baronet.

Three months antecedent to the time last mentioned, the following advertisement, which had not escaped the eye of Mr. Scamperwell, appeared in the second column of *The Times* newspaper. It was inserted by the Duchess of Yarborough, the maternal aunt of the unfortunate suicide Caroline Trelawney:—

"Trelawney. Caroline. You are entreated to call on your aunt Lydia, who will make everything comfortable for you. Do not hesitate to come; all will be forgiven and a home offered."

It was palpable to the mind of Scamperwell from this advertisement that the mother of our hero, as he had anticipated, to use his own language, had never turned up among her relatives.

"I've called upon you, Sir Wyndham," spoke that individual, as he entered the presence of the baronet; "respecting your daughter, sir, or rather, I should say, her child—her son."

"Sit down, sir," said the other haughtily and half patronisingly, pointing to a chair.

"Well, sir, what have you to say?" asked the baronet, at the same time uttering an audible sigh.

"Well, sir, it's perhaps a painful thing for you to be told of it, but two years ago Mrs. Trelawney came to our house, and was confined there, and a fortnight or so after it, she went out at ten o'clock at night, against our will, and since that we've neither heard nor seen anything of her; the child has been with us ever since, as we knew none of her relations that we could apply to, and it was only yesterday that I found out that you were the lady's father, so I have made it my business to come and inform you of the facts."

Sir Wyndham Berkeley looked confounded.

"Are you acquainted with the circumstances of the case, Mr.—(looking at that individual's handwriting on a piece of card)

—Mr. Scamperwell?" at length asked the baronet.

"With regard to what, sir?" said the visitant, feigning dulness of comprehension.

"With regard to Mrs. Trelawney and her husband," was the reply.

"Nothing more than I heard her say her father was a baronet, and that her husband had gone abroad."

"Ah, you are not aware as to the causes which led to his going abroad?" observed Sir Wyndham.

"No, sir."

"Now, sir, will you inform me as to how you became acquainted with my relationship towards Mrs. Trelawney, on yesterday."

"Well, sir," answered Scamperwell, "I met with a man who had known Mr. Trelawney at the time of his marriage, and he told me of her family, and that was the first information I had ever been able to gain on the subject; otherwise, sir, I should

have been too happy to have made it my business to have called on you."

"Had you known this party that you speak of before you saw him yesterday?" inquired the baronet.

"No, sir, not before yesterday; the way it came about was this. I myself am engaged at the Surrey Theatre; but a friend of mine called at our house on Tuesday, and said, 'what do you think? I came across a man the other day who knew Trelawney and all about him; knows his wife's relations, and all the rest of him.' I asked him if he knew about Mrs. Trelawney, or her child. He said, 'No, that he hadn't heard of them since Trelawney's going abroad.' So, I said, why a friend of mine is bringing up his son. 'Ha! indeed,' he replied, 'I should like to see him.' Well, Sir Wyndham," continued Scamperwell, "after hearing this, I went to the man's house and he told me of it."

We will not detail the conversation

further, but state, that on that very afternoon the baronet communicated personally with his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Yarborough, who, in company with Sir Wyndham, drove forthwith to the address given by Scamperwell, being the same in which Mrs. Dykes had held her first interview with himself and now deceased wife, after the discovery of the envelope before alluded to. The loud and somewhat protracted knocking of Her Grace's plush-covered flunkey at the door of Scamperwell's residence, was, after the lapse of some minutes, responded to by the haggard face and ricketty figure of that individual's maternal parent making her appearance at the now open door. The duchess and baronet alighted, and after exchanging a few preliminary words of inquiry with Mrs. Scamperwell, were shown into the small front parlour in which Sally Dykes had sat nearly two years before.

"Can I see the child, Mrs. Scamperwell?" inquired the duchess.

"Well! yes, ma'am, you can; but he's not very nice just now," answered the supposed foster mother.

"Oh, never mind that. I should like to see him very much," replied Her Grace. To which the old woman at once complied by word and action, for she at once took her way upstairs, and, after the lapse of about five minutes, made her reappearance in the room, bearing the alleged child of Caroline, the wife of Trelawney, in her arms.

"Poor little fellow," exclaimed the duchess rising, and advancing to kiss him.

"He's a nice boy!" observed Sir Wyndham simultaneously.

"Dear child," continued Her Grace, while old Mrs. Scamperwell played her part well, in talking of its birth and the mysterious disappearance of its mother; of all the trouble she had experienced in rearing it, from such an early stage of infancy, in the midst of which a tear

trickled down the face of the duchess, and the consummate plotter, Sylvanus Scamperwell, entered the room. His presence relieved the old woman at the proper moment. Sir Wyndham bowed to him patronizingly, and introduced him to his companion, who warmly complimented and thanked him, together with his mother, for their disinterested kindness and generosity towards the child and its now long missing mother.

It will be seen from the preceding, that Mr. Scamperwell had succeeded in satisfying the baronet that the child referred to was no other than that which his daughter was alleged to have given birth to by her marriage with the since transported Trelawney.

On the day following the visit last mentioned, Sir Wyndham Berkeley drove to the residence of Scamperwell's alleged informer, as given by that personage, to institute inquiries respecting the truth of the representations made by him, of which,

however, we may remark, the baronet had no doubt, so cleverly had Scamperwell answered the several questions, almost amounting to a cross examination, put to him on the occasion of his visit to that gentleman's residence in Cavendish Square. The interview with the supposed new acquaintance of Scamperwell, and old friend of Trelawney, was in every way satisfactory to the baronet, and thoroughly established the entertained fact of the child submitted by old Mrs. Scamperwell on the previous day, being his own grandson. And with this undoubted impression on his mind we will now leave him.

CHAPTER XIII.

It will be clearly seen that Mr. Scamperwell, in withholding the information of which he was possessed from Sally Dykes, had in view some ulterior object, which, sooner or later, he expected to be able to profit by. At the time of his first seeing her, no opportunity presented itself of availing himself of the intelligence which she conveyed to him. The time might, however, and no doubt would, arrive when circumstances would enable him to make use of his knowledge thus gained. In the

meantime secrecy was his strength. So reasoned Mr. Scamperwell, and no doubt shrewdly, so far as his own fraudulent schemes and intentions were concerned. His wife, as the reader is aware, in the course of events died, and with her their eldest child, the instrument of this deception—a boy, a few weeks older than our hero, alone surviving of the progeny resulting from their union.

"Now is the time for operation," soliloquised Sylvanus; and within three months from the period of his wife's death he had submitted his plan to, and thoroughly instructed, his mother as to the mode of action she was to pursue, of course obtaining her consent and assurance of assistance. He communicated his intentions to one L—— C——, the keeper of a small newspaper and cigar shop in Drury Lane, but formerly a private, and eventually a captain, in the British Army, who was, in the language of Scamperwell, up to every-

thing and ready for anything. To this ex-commander of a company of foot, the latter, after submitting his case, offered the sum of five pounds for the due performance of the stipulated duty set before him, to which that ex-military functionary agreed; and this was the man to whom Sir Wyndham paid his visit of inquiry as to the facts stated by Mr. Scamperwell.

The chief and immediate object of the latter in perpetrating this deception, was to obtain money from the father, or some other member of the family, of Caroline Trelawney, in requital for the services of himself and mother in bringing up the child from its earliest infancy, and also to obtain payment of an account, carefully prepared, for the board and lodging of Mrs. Trelawney previous to her accouchement, together with a variety of other expenses attending that event, amounting in all to seventy-five pounds. His next object was to ensure for his motherless child better

training, protection, and education, than he could afford; in fact, have him well brought up, and probably turned out a "Master of Arts" free of all expense.

"I can claim him at any time," he soliloquised; "and it may turn out a good thing for us both." Thus Sylvanus Scamperwell rested satisfied, with his conscience as light as his purse, and himself on easy terms with each.

To proceed farther with the narrative of our story, the son and heir of our theatrical friend was removed from the house of his father to the residence of the Duchess of Yarborough in Piccadilly, by whom he was adopted as the child of "dear Caroline," which circumstance was accompanied by the presentation of a cheque, bearing her grace's signature, for the sum of £100 to the alleged foster-mother, and another for the amount of the account tendered by her son, drawn by Sir Wyndham in favour of that dexterous individual.

Oh! that that baronet, who esteemed himself so shrewd and sagacious; or that Duchess, whose praiseworthy goodness of heart, and enthusiasm of kindness, was so unworthily bestowed, had known that the real object of their solicitude then lay cradled in poverty, nurtured by a poor widow, who struggled with more than a mother's zeal and care, because disinterested, to preserve its frail existence and conduce to its well-being, and that they were the victims of a deception, so clever and complete, as that which had been so unscrupulously consummated by Sylvanus Scamperwell and his coadjutors.

CHAPTER XIV.

After remaining three years at Auckland, during which time he had more than once witnessed the war-dance of the Maori, with its accompaniment of hideous grimaces, upturned eyes, protruded tongues, bitter smiles, savage grins, shudderings as audible as visible, quiverings of every limb, accompanied with a loud, wild, recitative chaunt, and concluding with a stamp that made the very ground vibrate, a grand springing into the air 'mid a chorus of frenzied yells, and a final relapse into silence as sudden as

impressive, did our hero take passage, with more than fifty pounds in his possession, the produce of his thrift, by a regular ship for London.

It was in the December of the year 1849 that Harry Trelawney again landed on British ground. He forthwith took his way to the cottage of widow Dykes, in the before-mentioned borough of Southwark.

"Bless my soul and body, after all these years," ejaculated the old midwife, on first seeing him; "here thou art again," as she embraced him as on his first return from lands beyond the sea. She wept, for be it known her foster-child was, like many others, a bad correspondent, although he could write, which, considering that he had never been to school, was of itself a rarity, and poor Sally had never heard from him since the time of his departure from Glasgow in the fated *Thistle*.

"Here you are, mother," he exclaimed, handing her his small bag of fifty sovereigns,

his whole earthly possession, for his soul was ever flowing with gratitude. "How have you been since?" he asked, and he himself could not refrain from shedding tears, as heart prompted as those which gushed from the eyes of Sally Dykes. "You've heard nothing since, I suppose?" he asked, alluding to his missing mother and her family.

"No! nothing, my dear child, nothing; not a word. Mr. Scamperwell's been here once or twice, but he's not been able to make anything out. You must go and see him, he said so, when you came," observed the old woman, in language as alive with affection and goodwill, as it was ungrammatical. Our hero did visit him, but nothing of note transpired; and in three weeks after his arrival, he took passage direct for San Francisco, the widow having returned to him the fifty sovereigns, on learning his position and wishes with regard to his journeying to California. Even

England at this time was infected by the gold fever, and thousands were heedlessly rushing off to the shores of the Sacramento river, leaving behind them homes of comfort, and even opulence,—on with a bounding rush towards California and the diggings.

CHAPTER XV.

After a tedious passage of five months, the mountains at the entrance of the desired bay greeted the view of our hero and his fellow-passengers. Sailing higher, the bay opened expansively to the view, disclosing the site of San Francisco,—the Yerba Buena of the Indian—over which dense masses of smoke rolled heavily to the westward. The town and shipping were undistinguishable, save at certain moments, when a lurid glare lit up the shrouded picture. "The city's on fire,"

ejaculated everybody on deck. "Oh, perhaps it's only furnaces," foolishly suggested a Lancashire man, who had been bred amid their glare in a manufacturing part of his native county. It was evident that the fire was fast dying out by virtue of having no more combustibles to feed upon, and, as they approached the shipping, this fact was the more palpably made manifest. With some difficulty, owing to the fire having extended to and charred the wharves, did our hero, in company with several others, effect a landing. It was during the dry Californian season, and in the year 1850. Our hero was, alike with all on board the ship by which he had travelled, a stranger to the country, and moreover, in his case, he was totally unacquainted with its population, but what of that; he was enterprising, dauntless, and courageous, and with a sound constitution, and possessed of a spirit, young as he was, which would have made him feel at home wher-

ever he went, or in whatever position fortune might have placed him, he felt in no way disconsolate, or at a loss what he should do. Such a man can live where others starve.

The new arrivals, as they strolled along the lines which were so recently streets, bordered on either side by piles of ashes, were somewhat struck with the seeming joviality of the straggling multitude. Drays full of planking, and other building materials, were already being driven to and fro amongst the general ruin, and although the embers of the ravaged city had not yet cooled. Gun-barrels lay about in the rubbish, twisted and knotted into a variety of shapes by the intense heat to which they had been subjected. Tons of nails welded together in the shape of the kegs which had contained them, together with cracked crucibles, exploded tins of preserved meats, collapsed iron-houses, iron fire-proof safes which had burst open, molten glass of

every colour,—all lay in disordered ruin about the city; while now and again a complete chaos of table-cutlery, crockery, candlesticks, iron grates, lead, pitch, and fireirons, presented itself to the eye, all melted up together, and bearing evidence of the immense loss of merchandize, as well as tenements, that this the second great Californian fire had entailed upon San Francisco and its population. The latter, however, nothing daunted, displayed their energy in immediate action, and within forty hours from the time of the conflagration, the entire region resounded with the noisy workings of a city of house-builders; while in two days afterwards dozens of new wooden stores and habitations stood up upon the recent wreck. The destruction of the city was, as may be anticipated, anything but universal. The brick portion escaped to a great extent, including the gambling-houses.

Taking his way after dark into one of

them, the "Eldorado," situated in the Plaza, two sides of which, consisting of brick buildings, were occupied solely for gambling purposes, our hero was almost dazzled by the brilliancy reflected from sparkling chandeliers and mirrors, above which the gilded roof, supported by pillars of glass, ever fascinated the upturned eye; while the walls, hung with paintings rich in merit, but alone picturing female nudity, rendered the place very fit to entice and entrap, by its voluptuous and luxurious aspect, the crowd of Yankees of all ranks, —niggers, gold-diggers, Mexicans, and Irish workmen, which then crowded its precincts, and through which our hero felt no little difficulty in navigating his way. Tables covered with green cloth were scattered over the room, at each of which sat two calm-faced dealers, or bankers, actively and deeply engaged in the game of *monté*. The centres of the tables were covered with gold ounces, and large nuggets, or "spe-

cimens," recently brought down from the mines, the quantity of which ounces and nuggets fluctuated, and then increased very rapidly, as our hero looked on.

The thin Spanish cards alone were used; and although the dealers were being watched by a hundred eager men who, in revenge for previous losses, would gladly have detected a cheat, and have fallen upon and torn them to pieces, still their eyes were not quick enough to detect the workings of the dexterous fingers they so closely eyed. Neither did the bitter and at times savage scrutiny, with which they were regarded, affect in the slightest degree the repose of their calm unimpassioned features, as each in his turn gathered in the stakes. The crowd that surrounded each of the tables was clamorous, and the babbling roar of discordant voices rose above the loud clang of instrumental music which filled the place. Suddenly a shot was fired within three tables of our hero, and, whiz-

zing past his head, struck one of the magnificent mirrors on the opposite side of the saloon, fracturing it in a hundred directions. There was an instantaneous cessation of play; and an excited rush of people intent on placing themselves behind pillars and under the bar for personal safety, in the midst of which a second shot was fired, but where the bullet went to no one saw.

The clamour and uproar, and cries of "don't shoot," coupled with the intoxicated vociferations and yells of a few, rendered the place, "hell" as it was at any time, a more confused and complete Babel-bedlam than can be readily imagined. The excitement soon grew less; a wounded man was carried out, and the suspended games were resumed. From a paragraph in the newspaper of the following morning, headed, "Unfortunate Difficulty," our hero ascertained, that "during an altercation at the 'Eldorado,' Mr.—— had to draw his revolver in self-defence on a digger, name

unknown, the result of which had unfortunately proved fatal," and this was all that he or anyone else ever heard of it. Neither, be it known, did the man-shooter suffer any inconvenience, legally or socially, in consequence. Each man carried his revolver and used it; and these weapons were the chief dictators and law-givers of California.

Early on the following morning our hero, having easily procured employment, might have been seen actively engaged in rebuilding the burnt city, that is, in conjunction with hundreds besides himself. A week afterwards we find him an auctioneer's assistant, handing round to a parcel of eager customers—men of all nations—samples of the various commodities then under the hammer of the voluble and jocular individual, who undertook to sell anything, from rancid butter to broken crockery-ware.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was not until nearly a year had elapsed that our hero quitted San Francisco for the "Mines," there to try his fortune as a gold digger. This he did by taking passage in a small river-steamer for Stockton, a town situated on the San Joaquin river, and within thirteen hours run from the former city, and from thence by a four-in-hand stage for Sonora, a town centrally situated in the heart of a mining district; the latter part of the journey, however, owing to the rough rocky country and gulches which

had to be crossed, was performed in a strong spring waggon, drawn by six tough horses that had travelled across the plains and Rocky Mountains from the States to California. The road here traversed was hilly and primitive; it was often a mere natural trail, at times skirting a mountain base, with a rapid declination, terminating in a rocky ravine on the opposite side, over which the vehicle jolted, and swayed from side to side like a brig in the trough of a cross sea, during which time each of the passengers would loll their heads and bend their bodies in a manner best calculated to preserve the equilibrium of the said waggon, accompanying the same with much ejaculative comment on the roughness of the road. Droves of heavily laden mules, and much noisy disputation between the driver of the waggon and the drivers of similar vehicles returning, as to the right of passage over the often narrow pathway, which occasionally became blockaded, were the

chief things, apart from still life, that were to be seen or heard during the journey.

It was dark when our hero and his companions reached Sonora; but night being the most exciting part of the day (to use an Irishism) in California, there was plenty to be seen and done for those who felt inclined, as everybody seemed to be, to participate in the prevailing merriment, and add to the clamour which everywhere resounded through the main street of Sonora. Gigantic but fragile-looking tenements, easy of combustion, (as was evidenced a few nights afterwards,) lined either side of the street,—these were the gambling-houses. Glittering chandeliers threw a brilliant light on the piles of gold that lay about on each monté table; bands of music resounded everywhere; gorgeously set out drinking bars invited thirst; and crowds of rash diggers, formed round each table, enhanced the blandishing effect of the various saloons. "Gum-ticklers," "cock-

tails," "hailstones," "stone-fences," "flashes of lightning," and "neck-twisters," were the drinks chiefly in demand, and of which a general absorption was continually going on.

Our hero had joined a party of three who had previously been at the diggings in the vicinity of Sonora, and consequently, as is usual amongst Americans, they knew almost every man in the place, to all of whom their new mate was introduced, one after the other, in rapid succession during the whole night, shaking hands, as a matter of course, that being the custom at every introduction, and almost as frequently accepting "gum-ticklers," Americans being endlessly liberal in "standing drinks all round." Our hero and his companions at length took their way towards the American Hotel, where they each paid a dollar for their beds, and entered their names opposite the vacant numbers to be found on "the slate." Our hero feeling tired, forth-

with mounted the staircase in the direction of the sleeping apartment, which turned out to be a long, dimly lighted room, of the same capacity and extent as that below; in which latter, crowds of noisy gamblers were staking their money, and a band of Ethiopian serenaders were making loud and active demonstrations. Ranged in long rows down either side and in the centre of this room, our hero caught sight of a village of wooden, cross-legged stretchers, with a canvas covering, each being furnished with a pillow, in the form of a small bag of hay, and a blue blanket: sheets and mattresses were things not to be expected. Threading his way through the dormitory of a hundred stretchers, the majority of which were occupied by the recumbent figures of exceedingly hairy men, our hero soon reached his chosen number, but to his temporary chagrin found that his allotted gridiron was blanketless, alike with many of the other unoccupied beds. He,

however, was as sharp as his neighbours—as a year's residence in California was calculated to make him, and but a very few moments elapsed before he was comfortably under the cover of three blankets, with his revolver safely lodged under his pillow. In spite of the din and revelry below, Harry Trelawney sank to slumber, after which, unfortunately for him, reprisal in the form of a seizure of his blanketing, took place, and he awoke before daylight to find himself very chilly and nude. But what of that; everything is fair in a gold country.

On the following morning, our hero and his mates took their way to the mines; and before evening, the former found himself at the bottom of a shaft, lighted up by a burning tallow candle, with glittering particles of gold shining like stars out of its dark walls. It was his first sight of the metal in its natural bed, and, with a half-enchanted feeling, he viewed it as though he had discovered the talisman of perpetual

wealth; but with successive days of hard work, his ardour abated, and he found that even digging for gold might be slow and unprofitable work. At length, after six months handling of the pick, shovel, and "long tom" (gold-washer), the party was broken up, and the "camp" in which they sojourned given away, tools included, to a new set; while its late occupants, flushed with success, repaired to San Francisco and "banked" their gold; our hero's share of which, after deducting all expenses, amounted to 4,600 dollars.

CHAPTER XVII.

After a month spent in hunting grizzly bears (by one of which he had the flesh torn from his arm, and, moreover, narrowly escaped destruction), antelope and deer, with an occasional shot at panthers, tiger-cats, wild bulls, and still wilder geese, our hero bade a long adieu to California, and took passage, together with six hundred others, by the steamer *Golden Age*, for Panama, and was very much surprised, when he went on board, to find no less a personage than Mr. Charles Winterthorne, of

New Zealand memory, as one of his fellow-passengers.

"Hilloa! who on earth would have expected to see you here?" ejaculated the latter.

"And who'd have expected to have seen you here?" echoed the other.

"Well, this is knocking about the world with a vengeance!" observed Winterthorne, after shaking hands. "Why, how is it I've never seen you? How long have you been here?" asked he.

"Oh, more than eighteen months," was the reply.

"Made much?" asked the elder one.

"Oh yes! pretty considerable," answered our hero, who had acquired, to some extent, the lingo of his Yankee associates; for he had lived amongst them at a susceptible age, and would have passed for an American as readily as he would have done for an Irishman, had he been living in the Emerald Isle during the same space of time, for both

the lingo and the accent are highly contagious in youth.

"How did you get here?" asked our hero.

"Through the States," was the reply. Here their conversation was interrupted by the vessels starting.

"Off she goes, slick and slivery," observed the last questioner, which he rapidly followed up by saying, "We shall have a pretty smooth passage I guess." To which the other responded with,

"Yes, it looks like it."

"Let's liquor," said our hero, leading the way down into the saloon.

"By all the snakes in Africa," ejaculated the ex-bushranger, accepting the invitation, "you're a reg'lar Yankee."

"I guess I am some," was the response; "beans and molasses, washed down with 'gin slings,' have made me pretty 'cute;' so I calculate, that is." This of course was a little harmless bravado on his part, as

amusing to one as to the other; it was rapidly followed by the swallowing of a "spider" each, which beverages were considered very efficacious in keeping the human throat clear of flies.

Nothing of note occurred during the voyage; the weather was bright and warm, and the ocean reposed beneath the o'erhanging blue of the celestial waste in placid beauty. Noise, dirt, and disorder, were however prevalent features on board, together with a never dying clamour of voices, and an apparently unceasing supply of meals from morning till night, each being ushered in with the loud, full, and startling sound of a Chinese gong, which was struck so often during the voyage, that the only wonder to an Irishman on board was, that there was any more music left in it at all at all.

At length the ragged and scarcely distinguishable pearl islands at the entrance of the Gulf of Panama were passed by,

and at daylight on the following morning, the flower clad isles which rest like bouquets on the waters, decked out the prospect as the ship glided swimmingly along towards the venerable walls of that crumbling city, from which Pizarro and his ruffian band embarked beneath the Castilian flag, to ravage and desecrate a country whose soil they made red with the gore of its slaughtered children.

Our hero and Winterthorne each mounted a mule within two hours of their arrival at Panama, and set off along tortuous paths, walled in by the impervious forest, and through rocky chasms, dangerously narrow to pass through, as far as the village of Gorgona, where they took a native boat and glided swiftly down the Chagres river, as far as Barbacoes, to which point only the railway was then completed. The bright rich green of the foliage, which flourished mountainously high in luxuriant growth, charmed the eye in whatever direction it wandered.

Gigantic palms, ferns, and graceful parasites, the latter decked out with many a flower, grew about everywhere; and indescribable was the majesty of that undulating forest, unexplored, and unexplorable by man, which overtopped that pestilential river, stretching far away as the travellers rapidly passed down its torpid stream, the great sink of vegetable malaria, to which thousands of adventurous wayfarers have fallen unresisting victims—perished in the reckless ardour of their wish for gold, never more to be heard of—aloof from home and country, they met with a wanderer's grave, unheeded and uncared for.

The long train which stood in waiting for those destined to leave Colon, or rather, Aspinwall, by the New York steamer, was rapidly filled by the crowds, that simultaneously flocked down the river, in boats from Gorgona, and, shortly after the appointed hour, the order was given to "let her slide," and after a hard barking strug-

gle, the huge funnelled locomotive put revolution in the wheels, and slowly, and joltingly, the train rolled along towards Aspinwall; before reaching which place, however, its leader was put *hors de combat* on more than one occasion, while ascending inclined planes, the track being winding and uneven; which resulted in the passengers, almost to a man, with the agility and vivaciousness peculiar to Americans in general, and returning Californians in particular, getting out of the carriages and pushing the train, to the conductor's signal of "Now lads, heave together," which application of muscular power set the wheels rolling at a much more rapid rate than the persuasive, or rather horse-power, of the panting engine could have induced.

Aspinwall, that mushroom of the marsh, was at length reached, and within three hours after the arrival of the six hundred, they, together with our hero and Winterthorne, had embarked, in great disorder, on

board the mail steamer for New York, which vessel, having fired three guns, glided silently out of port, through the black night, and soon became lost to all save ocean.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The ship stopped at the island of Jamaica for the purpose of coaling and taking in fresh provisions, which gave her passengers an opportunity of strolling about Kingston and admiring the Blue Mountains that loom duskily, in bold and picturesque outline, with their undulating slopes and irregular heights within view of the hard-working population of dusty Kingston.

At about noon on the day following the steamer's departure from Jamaica, sighting the island of Cuba on her way, it was

discovered that she had sprung a leak, but where no one seemed to know. The supposition was that she had overstrained herself, there being a very heavy sea running, which was increasing with each successive hour, owing to the furious gale then blowing.

The alarm soon spread, and dozens of stalwart Californians volunteered to work the pumps. The vessel at this time was pitching fearfully. Suddenly, and before the men had taken their places at the pumps, a heavy sea, followed by another in rapid succession, swept over the vessel, carrying away the weather bulwarks and extinguishing the fires in the engine room, as well as flooding the lower cabins. Several men were at the same time carried overboard, while communication with the coal bunkers was now found to be entirely cut off, so that all hopes to re-get up steam were at once abandoned.

The ship was now rolling helplessly about

in the trough of the sea, with one half of her starboard paddle-box torn away, while the elements howled a piteous wail, and the voices of frenzied women and despairing men broke in terrible dissonance over the disordered scene. Weather-beaten miners bound their belts of gold dust round their bodies, while others recklessly threw the produce of years of toil about the saloon floor, lest it's weight might cost them their lives, but no one heeded it; the love of life now predominated over that of gold; and as the vessel's foundering was every moment anticipated by the anxious and excited hundreds, every one might have been seen with his life belt,—the regulations of these steamers providing one for each passenger—lashed round his body. The pumps were being actively worked, but the water was fast gaining upon them, while sea after sea swept over the vessel's decks, carrying every boat, most of which were already stove, away into the howling gulf beneath.

Land lay far away; not a sail was to be seen, while the weather continued so thick, and the sea so mountainous, that but little hope could be entertained of assistance. She was at length struck by a heavy sea, which resounded like thunder against her hull, while, as a wave swept over her decks, she gave one fearful plunge, that brought an universal shriek, a cry of agony from all on board, which was instantaneously drowned by the seething rush of the noisy waters, as they closed over the vessel, fast descending with an arrowy speed to her ocean resting place. For a moment all, save the roar of the elements, was still. Then rose up the scattered masses of gurgling strugglers, and a scene of horror presented itself too painful for description. Hundreds of living bodies borne up by life belts floated about on the crested ocean; while many who had lost those hope and body sustainers by the force of the whirlpool, madly snatched at the pieces of wreck,

that, breaking from the vessel as she sank, leapt above the water, and fell back with a splash; while others, with the despair of death, frantically clutched their fellows, and, as a natural consequence, sank together. Night, with her black pall, was fast gathering around. The drifting multitude were hailing each other in calls of friendship, or cries of despair, while many a gurgling farewell was uttered to the winds. Hope and dismay alternately took possession of their senses, until, either drowned by the ever recurring splash of the waves, or exhausted with their struggles, the spirit of life forsook them one by one, and left them floating corses.

Our hero had been drifting for more than an hour, companionless; the solitude was appalling as he rose and fell with each surging wave, but to find himself alone in the black night. He shouted as long as he was able, in order, if possible, to attract the attention of one of the many who were

similarly situated with himself, but in vain. At length a wave threw him against a man, kept afloat like himself, by a life belt. He hailed him, but no voice responded. He confronted a corpse. Midnight succeeded, and with it came rain; but, alas! for help, there was none. The water, which for the first few hours had not felt cold, for it was in the month of July, now chilled the body, and one by one the living became dead. Daylight at length dawned, and with it, contrary to expectation, the wind and the rain subsided. The wan light of morning cast its sickly ray upon the waters, revealing to the dim sight of our hero many a floating corpse, and this but added to the ghastliness of the scene.

In the distance he saw a raft, and near him more than one floating being, whose still unexhausted strength and powers of endurance, enabled them to speak.

Quickly, as the light spread, a sail, to the joy of all, was discerned, and that at

no great distance. The survivors were, however, too much enfeebled to manifest the exultation which they felt; and gradually the sail approached nearer without a single shout of greeting.

The vessel—it turned out to be an English brig—was first hailed and attracted by the raft, on which were five men; there were originally sixteen; after which those survivors within sight were picked up by a boat and hoisted on board, and amongst them, our hero; after which the vessel proceeded on her journey to New York. On reaching the deck he was unable to stand, or even speak; but after being put to bed and a little cordial had been administered, he recovered from his extreme prostration, yet it was not until the evening of the day following, that his returning strength enabled him to rise.

There were, in all, twelve men taken on board, not a woman being found alive; but three of these subsequently died, and

but nine were landed at New York; and these alone were the survivors of the six hundred who were carried down with the sinking ship. Winterthorne was one, he had a place on the raft, and, consequently, fared better than our hero; moreover, a keg of rum and a bag of biscuits had been lashed to the raft before the steamer's foundering, which had enabled those who were not swept off by the waves to, in the language of the ex-bushranger, "make themselves pretty comfortable."

"How about the money, lost it?" said he, addressing our hero, on the occasion of their first interview on board.

"No, I slung it round me," was the reply. He might have said, and three thousand dollars beside, which he had picked up from the saloon floor; but he rightly considered that would be injudicious, lest he might find a claimant on board.

Winterthorne, less cautious, said, "I've sixty thousand dollars more than I had when

I left Aspinwall ; " and he spoke the truth. He made no secret of it, and his companions declared that he deserved it for the risk entailed by carrying such a weight. The secret, however, was that the old Australian had two life-belts on instead of one; the first being hidden under his coat, which circumstance enabled him to " load himself," without involving his own safety so far as the carriage of weight was concerned in the transaction, which, in his estimation, had " turned out " very profitably indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the town of Clifton, overlooking the city of Bristol, fifty-five years before the opening period of this our tale, resided one Lawrence Cumberland, formerly a solicitor, but now the proprietor of a private academy. He had married two years previously, and at the age of nineteen, the daughter of an Exeter publican, this being antecedent to his scholastic adventure, and at a time when, to use the language of a class, he was in very low water—in other words, very hard up for funds. With the pub-

lican's daughter he received a dowry of two hundred pounds, and with that he felt himself rich, and was enabled to embark in a career for which he esteemed himself highly adapted, but which, in truth, he was not, unless the periodical thrashings he administered to his scholars, together with the steady discipline he found himself capable of preserving by the sheer force of his own savage nature, might be said to constitute him the *beau ideal* of what a schoolmaster ought to be. Twelve months after this espousal in matrimony, a child was born, which, being of the masculine gender, was named Arthur, and besprinkled accordingly at the baptismal font. Fifteen months later, Mrs. Lawrence Cumberland, unfortunately for herself, employed a certain surgeon-accoucheur to officiate in assisting another scion of the Cumberland family into the world; but, instead of doing which, he inadvertently hurried both mother and child out of it, to the great indignation and

reasonable disgust of *paterfamilias*, who declined paying his fee on the occasion, and moreover threatened him with a prosecution; and this was the end of the publican's daughter. About this time, Arthur, the surviving child, was sent out to be nursed in the family of a country labourer resident a few miles distant. A few months later found the numerous creditors of the widower—for he had been clever enough to get into debt—very clamorous indeed, and to his mind and feelings unpleasantly so, as may in reason be imagined by those who have ever experienced the felicity of a dunning. Mr. Cumberland, having nothing to gain, and moreover nothing to lose, save his liberty, which was now, however, becoming very much endangered,—resolved upon quitting Clifton; the most judicious expedient, it may be observed, that he could under the circumstances of his case have adopted. His scholars, who had never been very numerous, had now dwindled

away altogether; for it was during the Christmas vacation; the boys were all at home, and Mr. Cumberland had received notification in nearly every case of the withdrawal of the urchins, who had received instruction at his hands in the form of so many sound thrashings during the time of his presidency over them.

Mr. Cumberland was a native of Portsmouth, so to that rainy borough of Hampshire he took his way, after leaving his academical residence on St. Vincent's Rock; and there, be it known, recommenced practice as an attorney, and, what was still better for him, contracted a second, and, as he thought, a more advantageous marriage, with respect to money, than the first; for he had allied himself with the daughter of a man who was esteemed wealthy, and who, although a greasy handed provision dealer, was not scorned by the widower, owing to the expected fortune which would accrue to himself and wife at his, the said provision dealer's, hands.

Mr. Cumberland's new bride was neither physically beautiful nor mentally accomplished; but he was satisfied, without, however, being in love with her. The honeymoon—that glad season of the nuptial state—had scarcely passed over, when, to the chagrin of the bridegroom, the father of his spouse was adjudged and proclaimed a bankrupt, with a probability of assets to the amount of half-a-crown in the pound sterling. Soon afterwards, as if to realize the proverb which says "Misfortunes never come alone", Attorney Cumberland was arrested on a *ca. sa.* issued at Clifton on account of one of his debts there, and the newly married widower was forthwith placed in durance, from which, however, he was liberated, by legal process, eight months afterwards. Three months subsequent to the period of this his restoration to liberty, his wife No. 2 gave existence to a son; that son was baptised in the name of William Henry, and was pronounced,

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by its mother in particular, and echoed by half the childless women at Portsea in general, to be "the finest baby that ever was born," Having thus far made the acquaintance of these personages, who are destined to play a conspicuous part in this our drama, we will leave them—

"Part, but to greet again."

CHAPTER XX.

In the town of Nottingham lived, in the year 1834, a certain William Radley, a maltster, and another, his elder brother, James Radley, a woollen draper. Each was married; the former having issue two sons—Stephen and Simon—and a daughter, while the latter remained childless. This fact he (James), be it known, much regretted; but in order to obviate it so far as gaining a perpetuator of his name was concerned, and also, in order to take from the seeming barrenness of his own worldly estate, he

caused his partner in unproductive matrimony to act and dress in accordance with the maternal condition she was to feign. This plan was as readily responded to by Mrs. Radley as it had been eagerly proposed by the husband, whose bed she had been in the habit of sharing for the twelve preceding years; and accordingly she assumed a growing circumference of bodily aspect, which was pronounced "interesting," and on a certain prearranged night, took to her bed, and, after severe labour, was delivered in the presence of Dr. Uptosnuff (whose true name was MacSlab), of a—pillow. A new-born babe, procured from the Nottingham Lying-in Hospital, was, however, soon on the spot; and after lying in for more than fifteen days, during which time, owing, as was alleged by Dr. MacSlab, to her nervous state, she preserved strict privacy, Mrs. James Radley again presented herself to the world—a mother. Not a relation besides her husband was in the

secret; and the child, a boy, was duly entrusted to the care of a wet-nurse, without any suspicion being entertained as to its parentage. Mr. James Radley was a man worth, as people said, his twenty thousand pounds; and they spoke truly.

"What a disappointment for William's children! they thought they'd come in for it all," spoke the neighbours with variations.

"I wonder that she had a child after so long," observed another.

"There's no accounting for things now-a-days," said some one else.

"I shouldn't wonder if she turned to and had half-a-dozen more now," remarked the wife of William, the younger and less wealthy brother; no doubt feeling a little sorry at seeing such a manifestation of the procreative powers of her sister-in-law.

"I wonder if it'll live," ruminated William, evidently wishing it dead; for previous to the announcement of his

brother's wife being enceinte, he had calculated upon inheriting the entire estate of his brother, he being his only relative. A few months after the occurrence of the event last named, Mrs. William Radley died. Shortly afterwards, Stephen, the elder of her sons, then in his twenty-fifth year, absconded from the service of his employers, to whom he acted as commercial traveller, with a considerable sum of money, which he had embezzled. He left behind, at Nottingham, his wife and child, to whom he forwarded, at the time, the sum of one hundred pounds, after which all trace was lost of him for years. In the meantime the delinquent had established himself as a merchant at Hamburgh, under the name of Lucien de Burgh, where, his first wife being still alive and at Nottingham, he married a second wife, a German by birth, but of French extraction, and the adopted niece of one Madame Rosenthal. She was motherless from infancy, and her father,

being an alien from his country, she found in her maternal aunt, whose name she adopted, a guardian at once kind and faithful.

She was now in her nineteenth year, and although not far outvying in beauty her fellow-countrywomen in general, she was graceful and accomplished, the only fault of her education being its profoundness; for she was versed in Latin, and had a smattering of the more abstruse sciences, things which have a powerful tendency to make women strong-minded, and to dispossess them of their more genial attributes; for surely simplicity and dependence are more fascinating in woman than the knowledge of bygone languages.

It soon happened that circumstances demanded De Burgh's attention at Manchester, to which town he repaired, alone, deeming the trip to involve little or no risk, so far as his capture was concerned, he being quite unknown in that town. The voyage

to London, and from thence, by coach, to Manchester, was performed in safety; but to his great consternation, the first person he confronted after entering the coffee room of the Queen's Hotel, where he had taken up his quarters, was a member of the Nottingham firm that he had defrauded.

He was at once recognised and given into custody. On the following morning he was conveyed to his native town of stockings and bobbinets, and having made his appearance before a police magistrate there, was, as the reports say, fully committed for trial.

His wife was still living, as also his child. "Oh! my dear Stephen, what made you take the money? Oh! my poor, dear husband, you've ruined yourself," spoke she, sobbing mournfully, as she reclined her head upon his shoulder, within the cavernous, sepulchral looking cell, in which he was confined on the first day of his arrival, and where she gave way to all the bitterness of

heartfelt grief, of which woman's nature is so readily capable.

"It's a bad job, Emily, but it can't be helped," replied the husband.

"Oh! the poor child," continued the mother, weeping hysterically, after which she fell, swooning, to the floor.

At the ensuing assizes, Stephen Radley had a verdict of guilty pronounced against him on two separate counts, and he was sentenced to be transported beyond the seas for the term of fourteen years.

Nothing transpired, either before or after trial, as to the act of bigamy committed at Hamburgh, nor yet as to his business relations at that place, and Stephen Radley left England shortly afterwards, a convict, bound for Botany Bay, then, but now no longer, a penal settlement; from which, not long after his arrival, he was successful in effecting his escape into the bush.

Reader, that man is no other than the ex-bushranger, our old friend, Charles

Winterthorne, the Black Prince, of Australia. Five years from the time of his brother's conviction, Simon, dissatisfied with his home at Nottingham, embarked, with his wife and two sons, for New York, there to try his fortune in the new world, and build to himself the cot of independence, in the wilderness though it might be.

CHAPTER XXI.

After the arrival of our hero and Winterthorne at New York, there to tell the tale of shipwreck, and their own perilous position and accidental deliverance; they each took up their quarters at the New York Hotel, Broadway, preparatory to their intended departure for Europe.

It was on the second morning of their stay there, that Winterthorne, while perusing one of the numerous daily newspapers of the place, observed a paragraph making brief mention of the affray at Bagdad which forms the subject of our opening chapter,

and in which the name of Simon Radley was prominently mentioned.

"Simon Radley," ejaculated Winterthorne, with a wondering curiosity, and turning towards our hero, who sat by him.

"Why, that's my—" he checked himself; "the name of a relation of mine."

"What is it?" asked the other, leaning over his paper to see what was the cause of his friend's perturbation.

"This:" pointing, "read it."

Our hero did so.

"Oh! perhaps it's not the same; there are plenty of Radleys in the world," observed he, after going over it.

"Just so: it may be, but something strikes me it is. Simon's not a common name," continued Winterthorne.

"They've seemingly made bloody work of it," remarked our hero, who had by this time, by virtue of his Californian experience, grown a little used to such like affrays and intelligence.

"I've no sympathy left for Lynch lawyers," continued he: "they kill more than they cure. I look upon them as tyrants and murderers. Serve them all right, I say, and I guess others will say the same, if they get it as hot everywhere as they did at that place, Bagdad."

"They were useful once; they cleared San Francisco of a bad lot," observed the ex-bushranger.

"How long is it since your relation came to this country?" asked the other.

"Ah! I don't know. I didn't know that he was here at all," was the reply.

"Oh! then what puts it into your head that this is him?"

"Well, the name:" answered Winterthorne; "it's as likely as not to be the same; at any rate I shall just take a run up as far as this Bagdad, and see."

"Pooh!" ejaculated his companion: but nevertheless he went, and with him journeyed our hero.

On arriving at the railway station nearest Bagdad, Mr. Winterthorne and his companion hired a vehicle, chiefly made up of wheels, and were driven direct to the house recently occupied by the defunct Simon Radley. The house they found to be shut up, and apparently empty, with no evidence of the recent conflict to be seen, save in the neighbouring ground being a little raked up by horse movement.

"We'll go on to the town: I guess we'll know all about it then," said the driver of the conveyance, who had heard something about the "Lynch lawing," but who was entirely unacquainted with the particulars relative to the affray; and to the town they went. "A regulator lives here," remarked the driver, pulling up in front of a detached building, with barn-like outhouses standing near. "We'll institute our inquiries;" and forthwith the three transferred themselves to the ground. At that moment, the door of the house opened,

and a German girl presented herself: "Is Mr. Brooks inside?" asked the driver, and almost simultaneously the wife of that individual made her appearance, and invited the party into the house.

"Mr. Brooks is getting on, the doctor says, as well as can be expected," she observed.

"These gentlemen, Mrs. Brooks, friends of mine," spoke the driver, "want to know something about Radley, the man they lynch'd: I guess you can tell them."

"Well, I don't know as I can; I never knew much of him, but my husband can tell you all about him. Wait a minute, gentlemen. Sit yourselves down, and I'll tell him." She said this quickly, with a singing swing of the voice, which was melodramatic in its Yankee peculiarity.

"Tell him to come down," shouted the driver, as she receded *en route* for the Regulator's bedroom.

"Come down, did you say?" said she,

turning suddenly round. "Would you come down after being shot in the legs as he was, and coming home all over *great big red* spots of blood?" after delivering herself of which, in a manner too amazingly musical to be described, she vanished.

"She's a clipper!" observed the driver.

"Splendid figure head," added our hero. "Slick, slim, and slivery."

In less than three minutes the wife reappeared, exclaiming—"He'll see you! come on up to him." And quick to the word Winterthorne and his friend followed the lady upstairs, leaving the driver below. It was a large, airy, and well furnished room into which they were shown, and the wounded Regulator sat in an easy chair fronting a window which overlooked an extensive orchard.

"This is my husband," said the conductress, pointing in the most unmistakable manner at that individual; which, considering that he was the sole occupant

of the room previous to their entrance, seemed to be a proceeding in every way superfluous. The husband bent his head in recognition.

"What, Charley Winterthorne!" ejaculated he suddenly, to the astonishment of everybody, including the veritable Charley himself.

"Bless my soul; is that you, Brooks? I never thought of you till this minute; I'd forgotten the name. How are you, old fellow?" and the two men shook each other heartily by the hand.

"Allow me to introduce a New Zealand friend of mine, Mr. Trelawney," said Winterthorne, presenting our hero, who, after the American fashion, shook hands with him *instanter*.

We may here remark, that Winterthorne was ignorant of the name under which the father of our hero had been transported, the latter having, with a view to his own safety, and in order to throw off his iden-

tity, made a fictitious statement in that respect.

"Trelawney," muttered the Regulator within himself; but no suspicion of relationship flashed on his mind.

"An Englishman?" said Brooks interrogatively, addressing our hero, and, as the reader is aware, his own son.

"No, a born Yankee," exclaimed Winterthorne, who sat by. "Can't you tell that?"

Our hero smiled at the facetiousness of his companion, and left it uncontradicted; and the tongue of Mrs. Brooks coming into full play at that very moment, the Regulator, under the impression that Mr. Henry Trelawney was a born Yankee, turned his attention to something else.

"What about this Simon Radley? where does he come from?" asked Winterthorne.

"I don't know. You'll find three of his children at Scantleberry's"

"Two," ejaculated the wife, correctively.

"Well, two. The young thing died yesterday," continued Brooks, alluding to the child we originally mentioned as having been wounded.

After a little more conversation, in which renewed expressions of surprise at so unexpected a meeting were exchanged between Brooks and Winterthorne, the visitors withdrew, in order to take their way to the house of Mr. Scantleberry; promising, however, at the request of Brooks, to return and stay the night at his house. The wheels of the vehicle were again put in motion, and a drive of less than twenty minutes brought them to the door of the desired gentleman's residence.

He was a regulator, who had very wisely "made off" from within reach of Mr. Simon Radley's bullets on the occasion of the late affray, and, by so doing, had preserved a beating pulse as well as what is commonly called a whole skin. "Precaution is the better part of valour", was a favourite pro-

verb of his, in such like desperate cases, in consequence of which it had been said of him, that he was no fool. Certain it was, than an observance of the motto had enabled him to outlive his companion in arms, —his compeers in Lynchlawry,—for while many of them now slept beneath the sod, he was, to use a frequent expression of our hero's, "slick and slivery", or in other, although equally loose, phraseology, "alive and kicking".

An interview with this prudent individual, whom we may call the model regulator, was obtained without delay, and, at the expressed desire of Winterthorne, the two surviving boys were introduced into his presence.

"Come from England?" said he, after a few preliminary remarks from everybody present.

"Yes, sir; I was born there," answered the elder boy.

"Where? in what part?"

"Nottingham," was the reply.

"By all the snakes in Africa!" ejaculated Winterthorne, turning to our hero, "it's as I told you; nothing else. "Was your brother born there, too?" he continued quickly.

"No; I guess I warn't," answered the Ribston-pippin-faced youth alluded to.

"I guess not, either; it doesn't sound like it," observed Winterthorne, laughing. "Well boys, I'm your uncle, that's the fact; I didn't know it till this minute," continued he, bluntly, to the great astonishment of his hearers.

"My brother, who was shot, was born at Nottingham. He was older than I am," remarked the elder of the boys. "Our mother died a long time ago," he continued.

"Who has the key of the house yonder —Radley's? Can I get into it?" asked Winterthorne, addressing Mr. Regulator Scantleberry, in a rather excited manner. "I want to see if he has left any papers behind."

"Yes; I guess you can. I have the key," responded that gentleman. "Certainly."

"Well, when shall we set about it?" asked the other.

"Straight off, I guess," answered Scantleberry; and in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards the whole party, including the boys, were being driven in the Regulator's springy equipage, and the other thing on wheels, towards the recently barricaded house of the departed Simon Radley.

The search had not been long proceeded with, when a canvas bag, half full of letters, was discovered. Winterthorne opened the bag, and looked at them. They were chiefly letters from his relatives, the very things, however, that he had anxiously hoped to find.

"Can I take these?" he asked.

"Yes, I guess so; yes," answered the obliging Regulator; and with this much desired booty, being all the documentary

evidence they could find, Charles Winterthorne, and the rest of the party, left the house, and drove to the residence of the wounded Theophilus Brooks.

CHAPTER XXII.

On the day following, our hero and Winterthorne left Bagdad *en route* for New York, the latter promising to keep up a correspondence with Brooks, who was now quite convalescent.

"It's a strange thing to see people knock together, in the way they do, about the world," remarked Winterthorne. "Here we were together in New Zealand, and met in California. Here again Brooks and I were together in New South Wales, and here he is now a Georgia regulator; while

my own brother, that I left at Nottingham, has been shot at Bagdad, and I should never have known anything about it but for a newspaper paragraph."

"Had your brother assumed the name of Radley?" asked his companion, endeavouring to account for the variation in the brother's name.

"Yes!" answered the other. "His mother left him some money."

This said, our hero rested satisfied, caring not whether such was the truth or no.

Winterthorne lost his buoyancy of temper and remained thoughtful, as if inwardly digesting the contents of the letters found in the house of Simon Radley, the defunct one, during the whole of the journey back to New York.

They missed their intended steamer for England at the latter port, which, as a natural consequence, resulted in a postponement of the voyage thence, and enabled them, at the suggestion of our hero, to take

steamer up the Hudson to Albany, and thence on by rail to the far-famed Niagara, whose ever rolling waters, and their never-ceasing roar, he longed to both see and hear.

Bold and undulating were the banks of the picturesque river as they were carried swiftly along on board one of the so-called floating palaces of the American waters. The day was bright, and the vivifying rays and invigorating warmth of the sun lit up the varied scenery that ever greeted their view during the entire journey,—here wild and rugged, there rich in the treasures of Flora and the many hues of nature, each floweret vying with the other in odoriferous wealth and luxuriant profusion: but let us stop, language cannot paint the beauties that decked out the distance, as seen from that river steamboat. All looked glad and rosy, and nature's lavish hand was everywhere made manifest amid the grandeur of the ever changing panorama.

The two voyagers were, as the reader may well imagine, half enchanted with the scenery: but with regard to the steamboat itself, and the breakfast and dinner therein served to them, the case was very different. There were about a hundred small dishes scattered over the table, each containing a homœopathic dose of anything but what was wanted, and, in general, pickles. The attendance was bad, the price of refreshment high, and the knives, forks, and plates as dirty and as common as those to be found in the Bowery of New York. A "spread" on board a Hudson steamer formed a strong and disagreeable contrast to the same sort of thing in any of the New York hotels, while the vessels themselves, so far as the "queen of rivers" was concerned, were very undeserving of the name originally bestowed upon their fellow coursers through the more mighty waters of the Mississippi. It was during the latter part of the month of July; the weather in New

York for the previous week had been hot and blazing beyond all precedent, but this day, and on the river, it felt cold, and even chilling.

Trelawney entered into conversation with a portly, middle aged woman on board—a passenger. "I think," observed he, after much mutual interchange of ideas, "that the ladies of the United States are much more beautiful than the English ladies, and that the men of England are much handsomer than the Yankees."

"I don't agree with you, sir," replied his *vis-à-vis*. "I'm an Englishwoman, and my husband's an American, and as fine a man as you'd wish to see; and in my opinion, the women of the States are a set of half-wizened things, and fade in a few years just as a piece of cheese would."

"Bad simile, ma'am," remarked Trelawney; "I consider them the most beautiful women on the face of the earth, and I guess all but a Britisher will say as I say;"

(A pause.) "Where, ma'am, for instance, let me ask, will you see a repulsive countenance down Broadway? Nowhere: never, ma'am. And go to England, and the first woman you meet looks as if she'd kick you, or as if she'd been fed on bran and treacle all her life. Ma'am, depend upon it, the English women are not to be compared to their sisters of the United States; they don't know how to walk even." After which saying of our hero's, the fair lady rose abruptly from her seat on the lower deck, and strutted off with much British indignation, without deigning to speak another word. "She thinks I meant it;" chuckled he, as she disappeared from his view. "Gad, her mane's up pretty stiff and no mistake."

The steamer arrived at Albany at four o'clock in the afternoon, having left New York at six in the morning; but finding that town very dingy looking, and, moreover, smelling very much of pickled pork and

provisions in general, they took train on the same night for Buffalo, and put up at the "Broadway"; and on the day following took their way twelve miles further, and were within hearing of the deadened thunder of Niagara. They took their way on foot from the hotel of the latter name, one of many in the town of Niagara, to the world renowned falls. They turned a corner, and suddenly they were within view of the mighty cataract. Their first sensation was one of disappointment; the river was dark, smooth, and without the slightest swell, both above and below the falls; the unfluctuating torrent, that rolled over the precipice so evenly, that it might have been mistaken for a painting, alone lent antithesis to the scene, and as they approached nearer, imbued their souls with silent admiration. On on, with an ever ceaseless flow, rolled the waters over the precipice; for a moment they were convulsed with a crested agitation, then glided

peacefully down the cliff-banked river as far as the whirlpool beyond, thence onward to the outstretched waste of lake Ontario.

Our travellers stood on the upper bank and in full view of the great horse shoe fall. A daguerreotype artist approached them as the sun burst forth anew, and proceeded to "fix" them, without much introductory ceremony, for a "view of the falls." In a few moments afterwards he submitted the newly taken picture, with the bodies of our friends in the front ground; our hero readily purchased this for the sum of four dollars. They now took their way down a long steep ladder stretching from the cliffs to the bed of the lower river, where they went on board a small steamer about to proceed under the falls. The steamer rounded the falls, on their very verge, the deck being washed with spray, and each of the passengers covered with a long oil-skin coat, hooded and reaching to the heels. The little

steamer pitched slightly as she all but sailed under the cataract; but a yard further down the river all was smooth, and not even a sign of the current was manifest.

"They are very grand during the winter," observed one of the passengers, in allusion to the falls. "They're hemmed in with snow, white and crystalline, and they plunge down with such thundering majesty amid the desolation, that it adds considerably to the effect of even the most gigantic water-fall in the world. The rainbow which you see playing over them now, looks ten times more beautiful amid the Arctic scenery of December, and you feel spell-bound as you stand and look—you feel rivetted to the spot; and some have been tempted with such a fascination, that they've jumped over and been dashed to pieces instanter."

"Ha! they'll not get me to do that," observed our hero; "times are too good to throw oneself away like that."

They returned to New York after a stay

of two days duration at Niagara, and having wandered up and down between the marble edifices in Broadway, and looked into the oyster and lagar beer cellars, as well as having visited the saloons, theatres, and hotels, which there abound, they took their places in the New York hotel omnibus, and drove to the foot of Canal Street, *en route* for Liverpool.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The information contained in the letters which had so readily fallen into the hands of Charles Winterthorne, embraced the death of each of his parents, as well as of his aunt and respected uncle, James Radley. The latter had died without executing a will, and the putative son and heir, with whose existence the reader is already familiar, had inherited the entire estate at the decease of his father.

Winterthorne's first object, after landing on the shores of the Mersey, was to proceed

to his native town. He rightly presumed that the law authorities of Nottingham were utterly unacquainted with the fact of his having made an escape, and that if they were, he incurred no danger in making his presence manifest over the graves of his departed kinsmen. He sought interviews with two old friends, one of whom was no other than Dr. MacSlab. Winterthorne, in the character of a returned convict, was not, of course, very anxious to show himself about Nottingham; and having received confirmation of all contained in the letters, together with the whole history of everybody he had known, his first wife excepted, he quitted the town, promising, at the particular request of Dr. MacSlab, to write to him, and also to return to Nottingham after he had made the continental tour of which he spoke; in the meantime, the doctor was to use his best endeavours to find out where the missing wife was, without, however, informing her of the

retnrn of her husband. MacSlab expressed it as his opinion that she had contracted a second marriage, and also hinted vaguely at the probability of his, Winterthorne's, yet succeeding to the property of his uncle, now worth about forty-two thousand pounds, or more than double what it was at the birth of the alleged son, since baptized Christopher.

Winterthorne rejoined our hero at the Queen's Hotel, London, according to arrangement, a very few hours after the arrival of the former. Trelawney's first visit on the morning following was to the cottage of his nurse, the old midwife of the blue shuttered cottage in Southwark. He had neither heard of nor from her since the time of his departure for California; but while there, he had made her a remittance of two hundred dollars. He readily found his way on foot to the desired cottage: the door was shut. He lifted the latch, and was about to enter,

when his eye met that of no other than the object of his visit, Sally Dykes.

"God bless my soul and body," she ejaculated, laying down the bellows with which she had been trying to force the fire into a blaze, with the view apparently of boiling a small tin kettle of water which rested on the smouldering coals.

"How do you do, mother? you see I'm back again," cried Trelawney, advancing towards her. In a moment the old woman had him in her embrace.

"Oh my poor dear boy," she exclaimed, and the tears of a warm-hearted affection gushed out and rolled down her withered countenance.

"Did you get my letter, mother?" asked he.

"Yes, my child, I did, indeed;" and she strove to kiss him with very gratitude.

"That's all right," said he: "and here's some more for you," pulling out a *porte monnaie* containing twenty sovereigns, which he handed to her.

"No, no, my child, keep it, I've got plenty, you'll want it yourself, keep it my child," and she pushed it back to him kindly, which, however, he refused to take.

"I've heard nothing of your poor mother, Harry," spoke the old woman, "nothing; Mr. Scamperwell has been here twice, but that's all."

"How's Nelly Scraggs?" asked our hero, in allusion to the wife of the cobbler, who had once suckled him.

"Oh! poor thing, I don't know; they're living somewhere in the New Cut. I gave her five pounds of the money you sent, as you wished; but since that they've moved, and I'm getting too old to walk far, so I must wait till they come. Yes," continued the old woman, "I'm drawing towards the grave, Harry; yes, I shall be seventy-nine next September. If it hadn't been for the money you sent me, I should have made up my mind for the workhouse; but, please God, I shall be able to keep out of it now."

"And," said our hero "while I've strength to earn a penny, or while, as the sailors say, there's a shot in the locker, you *shall* keep out of it. Oh! don't think of that, mother, make yourself happy."

The old woman had a great inclination to exhibit him to the neighbours, including the old grocer; but to this species of publicity and lionising our hero now entertained a great objection. He did not wish to be made a puppet of the day for the gratification of the cottagers with whom he had mingled in early youth, although he knew them to be each as familiar with his fortunes as Sally Dykes. He rather wished to obscure himself from their gaze than otherwise; for, in truth, he esteemed their acquaintance anything but desirable or recommendatory, and had now begun to soar for a place in the social scale something higher than that in which he had been bred; while the mystery in which his parentage was shrouded only tended to increase his

self-esteem, and to make him look upon himself as a shuttlecock, flung from the battledore of fortune, yet destined to alight on that favoured ground from which his mother had been estranged, he knew not how, and thus caused him to be launched upon the sea of life deserted and unknown, exposed to the caprice of every blast which poverty and its attendant evils might inflict.

"Good bye, mother," he said, as he pressed her hand and kissed her cheek, " I'll see you as soon as I return from France. God bless you."

The old woman uttered her benediction with tears in her eyes, and followed him with her gaze till he had disappeared into the Blackfriars Road, when she shut the door of her humble domicile, and, in company with one of the neighbours, who had been attracted by the visitor, sat down and cried.

" We may as well start to-morrow," said Winterthorne, addressing our hero, when

they met at the hotel, and alluding to their proposed continental tour.

"Anything you like, my dear," was the facetious answer; and true to the morrow, they started.

It was a glorious day in the month of August; London Bridge was crowded with wheel and passenger traffic, as, indeed, it ever is, and prancing steeds and coroneted carriages had to thread their way in the midst of brewers' drays, hand carts, country carts, cabs, and omnibuses, as they best could; for in this vortex of men and vehicles they were each put upon that equality of speed which daily resulted in many missing their intended trains, and, moreover, bringing many an oath, indicative of impatience, to life, which, had not London Bridge been such a grand artery of circulation between Middlesex and Surrey, would never have been uttered. But the world is full of turmoil, struggling, and confusion, and life is made up of vexation; so that this great

city bridge, looked at philosophically, nearly represents, on a Liliputian scale, the mighty stage itself, with its medley of living actors, its bustle, its discord, and its strife. There is no time for moralizing in this our age of Mammon worshippers; let us, therefore, hurry our travellers along by the Dover train, and give a birdseye view of their wanderings through Europe, leaving behind all the din of London, with its medley of human life, its poverty and its wealth, its magnificence and its squalid wretchedness; on! behind the panting breath of that steam-horse, the locomotive, towards the breeze-swept cliffs of Dover.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Messrs. Trelawney and Winterthorne soon reached Calais, from which place, after enduring their full share of annoyance and crushing incidental to the passport ordeal, they took train on the Great Northern Railway of France for Courtrai, passing, on their way, the ancient town of St. Omer, with its Abbey of St. Bertin, and of Lille, with its citadel of seven sieges. Thence, having crossed the Belgian frontier, the train stopped at Valenciennes, where a general opening of trunks and a tumbling

about of baggage took place, after which the snug, carpet-making town of Tournay was gained, famous as having been captured by Henry the Eighth, who bestowed its bishopric on the then favoured Wolsey. Finally, after much shaking and jolting, in a carriage pulled along at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, and after much stopping and showing of tickets, the travellers arrived at their destination.

"Splendid scenery," observed Winterthorne, "it reminds me of California."

"Ravishing," ejaculated his companion, with the Yankee brevity and exaggeration to which he occasionally inclined.

They stayed a night at one of the two hotels in this the most venerable of Flemish towns, where every inhabitant knows every inhabitant, and each is on the best of terms with his neighbour, and on the following morning they went swinging down the iron road towards Bruges.

"Plenty of canals here," observed Win-

terthorne, as they arrived in full view of half a dozen, the highways of boats running throughout Belgium, and to the Netherlands. "Here lived the exiled Charles the Second," observed Winterthorne: "but nearly two hundred and twenty years have left the then magnificent and flourishing Bruges, the sombre crumbling town you now behold it."

"Hear, hear! where did you learn all that?" asked our hero banteringly, but his companion made no response; his countenance wore an aspect as sombre as that of the street in which they walked, and his mind was evidently lifted above its ordinary level, as with the thoughts of his schoolboy hours, awakened by the historical incident here mentioned, he mentally surveyed the past, with a long deep retrospective gaze, noticing every incident of his chequered life and adventurous career.

Taking their way thirty miles further on, they arrived at Ghent, the birthplace of

Charles the Fifth. Here the busy bustling animated looks of the people, and the lively aspect of the streets, contrasted agreeably, in the eyes of our hero, with the still and gloomy look of Bruges.

"Splendid view," remarked Winterthorne, whose reflective moments had passed away at the first sight of Ghent, as he surveyed the town from the Belfroi tower, which commanded a broad view of the panorama of house tops.

"Queer shaped habitations," observed our hero almost synonymously; after which, much criticism as to the beauty, utility, and architecture of the various unique and curiously formed buildings, ensued.

Taking their way on to Malines, *en route* for Brussels, they strolled over its precincts, but found nothing to detain them beyond its cathedral; the grotesque forms and antiquated appearance however of the houses, painted gaily as they were, gave a cheerfulness of aspect to the place, which well re-

payed them for their two hours stay. With the intention of going direct to Brussels, only a few miles distant, the travellers took their seats hurriedly in a train, which started immediately afterwards, but it was not till their arrival at Antwerp that they discovered they had entered the wrong carriage.

"It's all the same to us," ejaculated our hero, laughing at the mistake; "that Malines railway station is enough to confuse any English mortal."

So the travellers took out fresh tickets, or rather paid a second fare, and soon afterwards became temporary denizens of Antwerp.

"This is one of the finest cathedrals in the world: at least, is considered so;" observed the faithful Asmodeus of our hero, as they arrived in front of the majestic pile of architecture. "Let's come inside;" and having so entered, and wearied their eyes with staring at the celebrated pictures of

Rubens which adorned its walls, they took leave of the sacred pile, and with it of the Spanish looking houses which stand up here and there in venerable picturesqueness about the ancient town, and shortly afterwards they were scudding along through the dusky light of departing day towards Brussels. The French looking capital of Belgium was all animation as they drove life and luggage to the Hotel de Flandre.

On the following morning they strolled out, preparatory to taking places in the four-in-hand stage for Waterloo.

"How beautifully white the houses are," observed our hero.

"My eyes, they are—dazzling," responded Winterthorne: who felt the reflected rays of the sun from their Parian walls affect his organs of sight somewhat disagreeably. They took their way along the Rue Royale, within view of the Palace of King Leopold, and each vied with the other in eulogising the Belgian capital.

They visited the Hotel de Ville, in which the abdication of Charles the Fifth took place, as well as the majestic looking cathedral, whose lofty steeple rises high above the noble city in spiral beauty.

The view obtained from the cathedral, built as it is on an elevation, was strikingly fascinating, and new encomiums broke forth from the lips of each of our tourists, as their eyes wandered over the mighty prospect.

"Plenty of English here," observed Winterthorne.

"Yes: there must be, to support an English paper," responded our hero, who had perused the "Brussels Herald" during breakfast.

After a pleasant drive of eleven miles the village of Waterloo was reached; thinly peopled and straggling, its historical associations alone give it interest. A mile further on lay the fields on which the great military hosts of Europe dyed the earth with each

other's blood, a barbarous episode in the history of modern times.

For the sum of five francs, a guide, resident on the spot, pointed out the particular localities imbued with special interest, and narrated the history of the events of the "Three Days," with a seeming enthusiasm scarcely to be expected of a man who was in the habit of repeating the same story nearly every day of his life. The secret was in the change of audience.

Returning to Antwerp, our travellers took passage, by steamer, for Rotterdam, and were soon gliding along the Scheldt, with a flat, unexuberant landscape on either side of the river. On arriving at the Dutch frontier there was a general opening and tossing about of luggage. That ceremony over, the paddles were again put in motion, and the vessel continued on her way down the river, which soon grew much broader; this was owing to the tide being full, causing the water to spread; the bed of the stream was,

however, alone navigable, and its limits were clearly defined by lines of upstanding branches, fastened down for the purpose of guiding the mariner on his way. A few small islands were passed, and then a seemingly boundless tract of the same flat, uninviting country, which had before characterised the scenery.

By and by, large trees rose up on the banks of the river, and the vessel arrived at a full stop and landed passengers at Dort.

There was time to go on shore while the steamer waited, so our travellers took their way through the antiquated and dilapidated town, which is built up close to the water's edge, not unlike Callao, in Peru, where you step out of your boat into your dining room. A vast number of windmills were whirling their huge arms round and round in mazy play, and, in point of numbers, seemed to be to Dort what cathedrals are to Lima.

The river grew wider as the vessel continued on her way, and, passing the junction

of the rivers Rotte and Meuse, soon drew up at the noble quay of Rotterdam, the city of the eight days fair ; the nocturnal dancing appertaining to which displays its consequences among the female portion of the community after the lapse of a period of months too familiar to be named.

Our travellers remained but one night at Rotterdam, and, having inspected its canals, which seemed to be running through the city in all directions, with vessels of various sizes, large and small, moored at their sides or passing through drawbridges, and appearing to the eye, at a short distance, as if they were being pulled, hull and rigging, cargo and crew, along the streets, so close was their proximity,—our tourists bade good bye to the busy, cheerful town, and its high but tottering habitations, and took train for the Hague, which lay at a distance of about seventeen miles.

"This is a fine avenue," observed our hero, as they took their way from the rail-

way station along the path, lined on either side by tall trees, which leads to the palace, the seat of the Dutch Court.

"Yes; pleasant scenery, it reminds me of the avenue in Mount Edgecumbe Park," responded Winterthorne.

"Splendid square," they each observed, as they entered the Vyverberg.

"That's the meanest looking palace in Europe for a king, I should say," remarked the latter, as they eyed the royal residence, to which the other answered affirmatively, and walked on over the brick pavement towards the National Museum.

Three hours afterwards, they took train for Amsterdam, passing by the picturesque little town of Haarlem on their way, where, however, they did not remain. Arrived at Amsterdam, the number of canals and bridges which met their view at every turning, was completely confounding, while the number of windmills that flew round in active revolution was only equalled by those

of Dort. Life and energy was everywhere displayed along the various canals, as well as streets.

"It's a swampy looking place, this Amsterdam," observed our hero.

"Yes; I guess I shouldn't like to live here long, I don't like the look of the houses."

"Built on piles, are they not?" said our hero, interrogatively.

"Yes."

They spent one night only in the Dutch capital, but—finding nothing of interest to look at but the before-mentioned windmills, canals, and canal bridges, together with the palace, which, they were informed, stood upon thirteen thousand nine hundred and fifty piles—they hurried along by the Dutch-Rheims Railway for Arnheim, *en route* for the Rhine. After a three hours' journey, passing Utrecht on their way, they arrived at their destination. They dined, as usual, at the *table d'hôte*, at four o'clock, in view of the Rhine, which is here very narrow; and,

subsequently, admired the Dutch women, and parted with a reasonable number of guilders, florins, and stivers, which necessity had introduced to them as the current coin of Holland.

"These trees remind me of New York and Cincinnati," observed Winterthorne, in allusion to the number of full-foliaged foresters which grew about the streets, almost as plentifully as canals and canal bridges intersected them.

"Yes; it looks something like Erie as regards trees and water," responded his companion, laughing at the expense of the Dutch.

"It's a pancake of a country," remarked Mynheer Winterthorne.

"How? why?"

"Because it's flat; what a flat you are not to have known that before," replied the elder traveller, jocularly.

"Oh! I did'nt *rise* early enough for you this morning," was the response.

On the following morning they took passage, by the Rhine steamer, for Cologne, in search of the picturesque, of which they had heard so much, but, as yet, seen so little; for the scenery of the Rhine, as seen from Arnheim, bears no likeness to that which, higher up the river, reposes in beautiful magnificence and enchanting loveliness far as the wandering gaze can scan.

CHAPTER XXV.

When we last left Lawrence Cumberland, he had just been presented with a second son at the hands of a second wife, whom he had married at Portsmouth, the place of his nativity. The troubles of the unfortunate father are familiar to the reader; how he failed as an attorney, and then as a schoolmaster; and, lastly, how sorely he was disappointed of his bride's expected dowry, and how his honeymoon was blighted by his being arrested for debt and imprisoned during eight long weary months in the county prison of Hampshire, till

passing through the inglorious ordeal of bankruptcy, he was restored in poverty to liberty.

It will be remembered that the only surviving child of his first marriage, Arthur, was sent out to be nursed under the care of a labourer's wife, resident in the neighbourhood of Clifton, and with whom he was left when the father fled from the presence of clamorous creditors there assembled.

Lawrence Cumberland, after his discharge from prison, found himself, as many have done besides, at a loss for occupation, and quite ignorant as to what he should or could do. To resume the profession of a lawyer was next to futile, for he had not a client to support him nor yet a friend to sustain him. He had not a relative in the world that he knew of besides his own wife and children, and his native town offered him no more succour, and far less scope, than would London itself had he journeyed

thither. What was he to do? He had a wife and two children to support; and although an able-bodied man, yet he could not even earn bread for them. His father-in-law, the bankrupt provision dealer, together with the sister of the latter, being the only living relatives of his wife, had emigrated to America during the period of his incarceration. Here he stood free from debt, yet utterly destitute.

"I'd rather," he often said, "be over head and ears in debt than in this way. There's always something to be got when you owe money; but not to owe a shilling, and to be without one, is bad—very bad!" The pangs of hunger had often assailed him; his landlady had done the same thing for rent. He had arrived at the lowest pitch of despondency, and the highest of desperation, when, suddenly, he vanished from Portsea and his garret, and no one knew whither. His wife and child remained behind, and in such a state of perplexity,

that then, and not till then, the sympathy of the neighbours was entirely in her behalf, and every one began wondering where Lawrence Cumberland could have gone to. Another chapter will tell.

CHAPTER XXVI.

After proceeding about twenty miles up the Rhine, our hero and his companion arrived at Emmerich, which, being in the Prussian territory, a general examination of baggage took place, to the great disgust of Winterthorne, who had a great antipathy against having his effects "overhauled" as he termed it. After a voyage of about eighteen hours from Arnheim, and a night passed on the saloon floor, for beds were things not supplied on board, our travellers arrived at Cologne, where, after inspecting

its still unfinished cathedral, its sumptuous hotels, and bridge of boats across the Rhine, they took train for Bonn, twelve miles distant by railway, but more than double that by the river. The chief characteristic of Bonn was the universality of tobacco smoking, a pipe being in the mouth of every man in the streets, of whatever age, and his constant companion both by night and day. Students abounded thickly, for Bonn has a university, which is deservedly famed throughout Prussia.

On the same day Bonn was left behind, and the ascent of the Rhine continued. The scenery as they advanced was everywhere beautiful; and as they approached Coblentz, the many winding bends of the river revealing an ever changing aspect of mountain and brushwood, and high overhanging trees clothing barrenness as it were in a festive array, anon to disclose scenes of happy luxuriance, where the hand of man vied with that of nature, in

enhancing the variegated beauty of the picture, charmed the eye wherever it wandered. Crumbling ruins of ancient castles, and other architectural remains of the past, flourishing vineries terraced in shelving luxuriance, and at this season, for it was August, heavily hung with the favoured fruit, succeeded one after the other, backed in the distance by a panorama of hills and mountains, which lent fascination to the passing view. The mouth of the Moselle reached, Coblentz, with its strong fortifications, was made manifest.

After taking up their quarters at one of the half dozen hotels which there face the Rhine, and overlook the town and fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which hotel they found to be fully occupied by tourists of all countries, they retired, and enjoyed the luxury of a superior toilet than had been afforded them since leaving Holland. From Coblentz, our travellers proceeded up the river to Biberich, passing by the ancient

and huddled up streetless village of Boppart; numerous places however of lesser import met the view, while the boldness of the mountain scenery captivated the gaze, till, nearing the town first mentioned, the river expanded in width, studded with islands, while a wide open territory, highly cultivated, was spread out far as the gaze could carry. The steamer here landed the greater portion of her passengers, there being a railway stretching between Frankfort-on-the-Maine and this place. Proceeding a mile further on, the city of Mayence, the Magontiacum of the Romans, presented itself on the left bank. All old towns have their cathedrals, and so has this; but, beyond that and the fortifications, there is nothing to excite the ardour or curiosity of the sight-seer in the dilapidated city of Mayence. Continuing on their journey, they passed several floating mills, the paddles of which were driven slowly round by the force of the river's current.

The scenery here was bald and uninteresting, and so continued as far as Mannheim.

"These streets remind me of Melbourne, all running in parallel lines," remarked Winterthorne.

"Well, they're clean enough for Chester," responded the other.

On the day following their arrival at Mannheim, they left behind its square and boulevards, its clouds of sparrows and swallows, and took train for Frankfort, where they took up their quarters at the *Hotel de Russie*, the gorgeous fittings of which were duly appreciated by both our hero and his companion. The narrow streets with their dingy houses, forming the old town, were explored, alike with the more wide and cheerful streets, and magnificent architecture of the new town.

Three hours journey by railway from Frankfort, brought our tourists to Heidelberg, the city of five bombardments, with

its mountains and its river, its single street, nearly three miles long, and its venerable castle, overlooking a picturesque scene, too beautiful to be left unappreciated by the visitor. Half an hour's journey further by railway, brought them to Baden-Baden, the most picturesquely situated town in Europe, with its surrounding undulations of hill and valley, its unmethodically arranged streets, its green trees and its flowing river, all in beautiful antitheses.

They put up at the *Hotel de Russie* (number two), and it was not long before they found their way to the "Conversationshaus," where the wheels of the roulette tables were in active play, and the spirit of gambling seemed to be peculiarly rife amongst the hundreds who were participators in, or spectators of, the sport.

"I'll stake a single," said Winterthorne, "come on, try your luck; this beats California."

Our hero readily joined in the play, but

with a low stake. They had each participated, to a small extent, in the gambling habits of Californians, while resident in that country, and they were consequently not treading on new ground.

"They're a set of blacklegs here,—we must look sharp," observed Winterthorne, setting down a second stake, the first having gone the way of all money.

They each won on the second venture, but after three hours play they had lost twenty-five pounds between them.

"Let's try again," urged our hero on the day following; so to play again they went, each staking a sovereign on the first "go." They lost. The same amount again. They lost. The stake was doubled. They won. The partnership which had previously subsisted between them was now dissolved, and they continued their play during the whole of the evening; the result being that Winterthorne won an amount equal to ninety-six pounds, and our hero a little

under fifty pounds sterling. This was to them a gratifying end of the perilous game.

"Now," said Winterthorne, "take my advice, Trelawney, and don't play any more. You've won. Play again, and you lose."

Fortunately the latter acted on the advice of his elder companion, and so escaped from Baden-Baden and its irresistible gambling tables—which have hurried suicide and ruin to so many—a gainer by the visit, instead of, as is the general result, a loser by a participation in their attractions. Leaving behind the dungeons and varied fascinations of Baden-Baden, the successful gamesters went on to Basle, the nearest town after entering the Swiss territory. There the Rhine rushed noisily between the arches of the huge wooden bridge which spans its breadth, and forms the great highway between the parts of the town on either side of the river.

Bright and beautiful, grand and glorious,

was the sunrise and the sunset which greeted the eyes of the visitors on the day following their arrival. The charming sky of Switzerland, itself suffused with many a tint of fleeting colour, dyed the theatric scenery with its rich effulgence, as Phœbus declined in the west, and all nature glowed in fascinating array. Blue and ethereal was the sky by day, with here and there a scarce visible downy cloud floating across its fair expanse.

On the morning of the second day after their arrival, they took diligence for Zurich.

Picturesque scenery, here rugged and mountainous and there soft and sylvan, met the eyes of the travellers along the whole route. Full fruited orchards, unenclosed and still unpillaged, were passed by, and the aspect of nature was everywhere lovely. Forty miles from Basle an eminence was reached, and the passengers vacated their seats in the diligence in order to enable the horses to pull it up to the summit. The latter

reached, lo! a mighty panorama of mountains, snow-capped and bristling, met, in dazzling magnificence, the astonished gaze, towering, in Alpine grandeur and rugged outline, far away, till outlost in the enchanting distance.

"What captivating splendour, what a magnificent display of all that's intoxicating," observed our hero, after gazing for a moment in silent admiration.

"I hope you won't get drunk upon it," quoth his companion; "I see it's making you a little magniloquent already."

"Positively, I'm enraptured with its beauty; bold and gigantic, this is just the scenery I like," continued our hero, still gazing on the Alps as, mile by mile the diligence continued on its way as far as Baden, from which place they took railway train to Zurich; and, after a journey of eight hours, they were comfortably located at the *Hotel Belle Vue*, which, built on the bank of the lake, overlooked a prospect rich in the

native beauty of Switzerland. Half-shadowy boats glided over and crossed each other on the tranquil lake of Zurich. Open country, through whose luxuriant foliage many a fantastic cottage might be seen, backed, in the distance, by mountains whose cultivated inclines were rich in flowers and fruits and over which a spirit of repose ever reigned, met the gaze in every direction. Its aspect was not rugged, or bold, or wild, such as was the first view of the Alps: it had nothing of the sublime which belongs to the more gigantic features of topography, but it was lovely to dwell upon; bright, balmy, and rural, its very peacefulness made the soul pensive with admiration.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"He has committed suicide, depend upon it," said the wife of Lawrence Cumberland, a few days after the strange disappearance of that individual; "he said it was enough to drive him to it. He's done it off the pier, depend on it," she continued, with tears in her eyes. "Poor fellow, I knew he took it greatly to heart."

The neighbours coincided with her view of the case, as in no other way could they reasonably account for his bodily absence. He was, therefore, unanimously pronounced

dead, and that without anybody answering to his description having been picked up, Portsmouth being a place where a man can easily consign himself to a watery grave without much chance of being discovered. Mrs. Cumberland, after subsisting on the kindness of her neighbours for a short time, took a place as general servant at the Red Lion Inn, at which place she enjoyed the privilege of keeping her child.

Three years rolled away without bringing any tidings of the missing husband, or altering the position of the so-called widow. She was kindly treated by those with whom she lived, and, in consequence of her being the daughter of the once reputed wealthy provision dealer,—whose bankruptcy, however, and its attendant disclosures, had rendered him odious in the eyes of those who had before respected him;—we say in consequence of this, and the fact of her husband's misfortunes, she had enlisted the sympathy of those with whom she was con-

cerned on her behalf; and not being herself an educated woman of refined feelings, manner, or appearance, she lived very comfortably, more so, indeed, than it had been her unhappy lot to do since the days of her honeymoon.

Three years more eddyed by, and Mrs. Cumberland, then in her twenty-seventh year only, was married to the barman at the Red Lion; the act being considered, by those who knew of it, to be, under the circumstances, quite justifiable; for nothing had been heard of the long absent one, and the belief, without a doubt, was that he had gurgled in death on the very night of his mysterious disappearance.

Reader, we are working out the minor points in an important picture of English life. Let us here pause in the midst of our plot.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Leaving behind the busy town of Zurich, on the morning following their arrival, our hero and Winterthorne took their way by steamer up the lake as far as Horgen, where they took diligence to Zug, passing over the summit of a lofty hill on their way, which commanded an extensive view of the country stretching towards Zurich, with its gardens and vineries, its villas, and its foliage all reflected in the expansive mirror of the lake beneath; while all beyond was backed far as the eye could scan

with the forest clad mountains of beautiful Switzerland. Descending onward through a picturesque valley, and after a two hours' drive Zug was reached. An hour's steam across the blue lake of the latter name brought our travellers to Arth, above which the Rigi mountain, with its downy ultramarine tint, loomed loftily. After the lapse of about an hour, they set forth towards the mountain, on horseback, the animals having been hired for the journey, at eleven francs each. More than a dozen men and women of various tongues were their contemporaries on the occasion, all being mounted for the ascent. The scenery at times disclosed through the chasms and passes of the mountain, during the upward journey, was refreshing and beautiful in the extreme; the plain beneath, with its cottages, its plantations, and its orchards; and away to the west the mirror-like lake set in a vast frame of mountains, fascinated the downward gaze of the tourists, and con-

siderably enhanced the pleasure of mountain climbing. Precipitous cliffs were reached, to look down from which would have involved giddiness. Children however were found playing, and cattle grazing in the most seemingly perilous positions. Ravine succeeded ravine, and the valley beneath became lost to the view, as the travellers continued on their perilous way by many a yawning abyss terrible to look upon.

"I can hear the rushing of the water below," observed our hero, as he passed by one of these deep gulfs.

"Everything seems dangerously grand up here," remarked Winterthorne; at that moment the foot of his horse slipped on the brink of a ravine; he turned pale at the instant, and a few seconds afterwards, actually shivered at the danger he had experienced. Still ascending, they passed no less a thing than a sort of miniature monastery—a catholic chapel. Where on the mountain the congregation was to be ga-

thered from, was a puzzle to everybody; but there it stood, grim, stately, and deserted, the most unique of churches, and without doubt the one nearest heaven of any in Europe.

Here the path curved abruptly, and the travellers caught view of a party of about twenty, which had commenced the ascent a little earlier than themselves. Some were on foot, while two or three ladies of the number were being carried up in chairs, after the fashion adopted in travelling over the elevated plains of the Andes. Then the rocks threw back clear and loud the echoes of the guides' whip cracks. Cottages and cascades, and the murmur of rushing rivulets succeeded one after the other, and trees, in a plenitude of foliage, were presented to the view, at an altitude of five thousand feet above the table land. On still further, goats and stunted cattle were grazing on a field-like flat of the mountain, where also stood a hotel of no inconsiderable

size. Five hundred feet more and they gained the summit, where the imposing grandeur of the Alps, with their dazzling glaciers, their snow capped brows, and silent majesty, burst upon the bewildered gaze of our hero in yet more fascinating splendour and magnificence, than did the first view of the Alpine panorama from the hill, on the way between Basle and Zurich.

There, in all their stern sublimity, rugged and wild, and bold, reposed the irregular sea of pinnacles; here barren and dark, there crested with the snows of centuries; while the verdure of the valley far down in the distance but enhanced the charm of the mighty picture, more beautiful than had ever before gladdened the sight or inspired the mind of Harry Trelawney.

Here, on the lofty head of Rigi, stood a second and still larger hotel than that previously seen—the Rigi Kulm. Our travellers entered it; they found, to their astonishment, that its saloon was crowded

with visitors, people of all ages and nations. At eight o'clock supper was spread, and nearly a hundred assembled together and partook of it, amid a Babel of voices and of languages.

"'Life on a mountain top;' that wouldn't be a bad name for a book," remarked our hero to his companion, as they sat together at the *table d'hôte.*

"No! nor would it be a bad subject, judging from this," responded the other; "for of all the talkers that I ever heard talk, I never heard talkers talk as these talkers talk."

"Say that again."

"That's my prize oratory"; was the reply; "repetition never agrees with it."

They slept, as a matter of course, at the Rigi Kulm. At five o'clock on the ensuing morning, they were awoke by the sonorous music of a full toned gong, and the noise incidental to much getting out of bed, and pattering of feet throughout the hotel.

"The place is on fire!" ejaculated our hero.

"The heavens are on fire, you mean," rejoined Winterthorne, looking out of an adjoining window. "Sunrise on the mountains," exclaimed he, with a voice of glee, and jumping into what the Americans would call his pantaloons, or, still more commonly, "pants," he bounded out of the dormitory, and, passing through the saloon, appeared on the mountain, amongst an agitated group of individuals of either sex, who were even less clad than himself, and forming, on the whole, as ludicrous a collection as the ex-bushranger had ever seen. They presented as fine a sight of its kind as that of which they were the spectators. Our hero rapidly followed, together with an eager crowd, one member of which had so far forgotten himself as to rush out of his room in *puris naturalibus*, but suddenly recollecting where he was, he beat a retreat even more rapid than had been his *débût*,

amid cries of "Catch him," and imaginary pinches from all sides.

Far down in the valley beneath, the lines of dusky vermilion that stretched along the horizon, followed rapidly by an amber radiance, and a subdued yet golden effulgence, told of the rising orb, so soon to gladden the face of nature with its vivifying rays and ever welcome light. A few moments more, and Phœbus in his majesty shone forth, after which appearance of his, the motley, grotesque, and ridiculously arrayed specimens of humanity that had assembled on the hill to welcome him, absquatulated, or, in other words, hastily reentered the hotel, amid gathering clouds of mist. At nine o'clock, our travellers commenced the descent, on the Lucerne side of the mountain, and on foot, the mist having rapidly dispersed. They met with much of the rugged and ragged on their way, in the shape of crags and beggars, and arrived after much jolting in

as shaky and shaken a condition as the three hours journey down may be considered likely to have induced.

The same day they took steamer for Lucerne, and over its somewhat gloomy lake, shut in as it is by frowning mountains, they were swiftly paddled towards the Hotel des Suisses, which, facing the watery expanse, denotes the site of that picturesque town of Switzerland, overlooked on the one side by Rigi and Pilatus, and on the other by Schwytz and Engelberg. Our travellers slept the night at Lucerne, and on the following morning took their way on foot towards Surgen, from which they started for the celebrated glacier of Rosenlaui, passing on their way through Meyringen, and over a rough undulating country, decked out with verdure and occasional groves of fir and pine. The scenery at all times mountainous, occasionally disclosed a showery cascade or a brawling rivulet, while orchards, rich in their mellow and

blushing fruit, and a sprinkling of gracefully formed cottages, added a pleasing antithesis to the varied landscape, as mile by mile the two men journeyed. By and bye the roar of descending waters, the musical thunder of a cataract, was heard, and they arrived within full view of the triple waterfall of Reichenbach, with its mist of spray and ever sounding never ceasing torrent. Then onwards towards Rosenlaui; and after gazing down the fissures of the great glacier, and mutually expressing their wonder as to how so large a block of ice was ever formed, they took their way towards Grindelwald, glad to escape from the frigid atmosphere around.

Our hero narrowly escaped death while walking over one of the Grindelwald glaciers, in consequence of his foot slipping, which nearly precipitated him into a yawning *crévasse* or chasm, in the ice, where certain and sudden death would have inevitably awaited him.

Taking their way, by voiture (a kind of gig), to Interlachen, the towering majesty of the Bernese Alps rose up before them, and the amphitheatric aspect of the town and surrounding country, which called forth the laudatory eloquence of our hero, was as magnificent as any of the views to be obtained in Switzerland. They put up at the *Hotel des Alpes*, where they remained two days, during which time the colossal form of the Jungfrau mountain loomed high in the distance; and, in the absence of mist, was clearly seen from Interlachen. Crowds of English were found located in the hotels of the place; and, next to them in point of numbers, figured the gentlemen of black cloth and velvet collars, we mean the Yankees, and that in the politest sense of the term. They were all reckless, noisy, and lavish in their expenditure, and acquitted themselves, with honour to their country, as "the smartest nation in all creation."

They then took passage by steamer along

the lake of Thun, as far as the town of the latter name, and thence by diligence to Berne, which they reached after a three hours' drive.

After parading its piazzas and visiting its cathedral, they proceeded on to Vevay, from which place they visited the castle of Chillon, distant about seven miles. With all the curiosity which such a place was calculated to inspire, they followed their guide through its cloisters and its cells; they read celebrated names scratched on its pillars, and meditated gloomily on its torture room; but as neither of them understood French or German, the languages alone spoken by the guide, they went away ignorant of the minute detail into which that functionary had entered.

From the banks of lake Leman the friends took diligence for Martigny, which unattractive town, however, they soon left behind, and went on to Leukerbad, celebrated for its hot baths and springs. Here they

saw *élégantes*, of either sex, sitting for consecutive hours up to the chin in water, each engaged in conversation, draught playing, sewing, or reading, as the case happened. Such a mingling of the sexes, in such close proximity, in the one watery pit, with their coffee drinking and energetic disputations, their floating tables and submerged bodies, was at once ludicrous and laughable to behold. Our travellers from this made the best of their way towards Mount St. Bernard, which they ascended on the backs of mules. They slept one night there, praised the monks' wine; and, having dropped their contribution into the hospice money box, departed, somewhat chilly and unelated. By the aid of mules and diligences they at length arrived at Chamounix. The mighty dome of Mont Blanc, with its crest of perennial snow and its majestic outline, barren and rocky, as there it stood up into the clouds in all its colossal pride, charmed the eyes and won

the admiration of the travellers; but Mont Blanc, the so-called "monarch of mountains," is too familiar, and its surrounding scenery and heights have been too largely dilated upon by those who have beheld and climbed them years ago, to render it necessary to here describe a picture, which is ever grand in the native beauty of Savoy. Our travellers did not ascend the far-famed mount; but, on the morning following their arrival, commenced the ascent, on mules, of its smaller neighbour, Montanvert, which is surmounted by the Mer de Glace, rising nine thousand feet above the sea-level.

After walking over the enormous glacier, and satisfying themselves that there was no summit beyond, they followed their guide down, on foot, as far as the small inn, on the head of Montanvert, where they had left their mules; and, within six hours from the time of starting, were again in Chamounix, from which place they took diligence on the day following for Geneva.

Built upon two gradually sloping hills, watered by the Rhone, and commanding a wide and pleasing view of its picturesque lake, with its trees and cheerful streets, its suburban gardens, wealthy in the gifts of Flora, and its busy steamers, Geneva was well hailed by the passing sojourners.

From Geneva they took diligence for Chalons, thence on to Paris, and, finally, to London; thus ending a continental tour, as rapidly made as it had proved delightful to Harry Trelawney, and his companion, Charles Winterthorne.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THREE sovereigns only had ever been paid by Mr. Cumberland for the care and maintenance of his son Arthur in the family of the Gloucestershire labourer; but still the boy continued to share the humble man's cottage and his board, and was as much cared for, so far as the scanty means of the place would allow, as though the six shillings a week, promised by his father, came punctually to hand. The wife of the noble hearted rustic loved that motherless child as though he were her own offspring, and

between Arthur Cumberland and her own two children there was no distinction ; they were each locked together in the one brotherhood of affection. True, as he grew up he had to work as the children of the poor are obliged to do, whether in town or country; but it evinced a praiseworthy generosity which is seldom to be found amongst the middle ranks of English society, and which cannot be too highly lauded in these days of selfishness and bare-faced hypocrisy, to thus bring up from the cradle as it were, to manhood, this scion of the ruined house of Cumberland. The child had been left on their hands ; they knew not where the father had gone to when he left Clifton on account of his debts there. Some time after his liberation from prison, they heard of his incarceration, and for the first time ; but after that all was a blank so far as the knowledge of the whereabouts or existence of Lawrence Cumberland, the schoolmaster, was concerned.

Thus the boy grew up, without ever, within memory, having seen either of his parents. Up to his tenth year he had been occupied in the general drudgery of a farm and country life; but at that stage of his early career he was taken into the service of one farmer Simpson, whose homestead stood in the vicinity of the labourer's cottage, and by whom the latter was occasionally employed. The farmer became partial towards him; taught him to read and write, and during the hours of evening gave him the means of gratifying his taste for reading, which he eagerly cultivated during the two years of his stay with that grower of corn and cattle. Where did he go to afterwards? He went, stick in hand, with a knapsack across his shoulder, on the high road towards London.

The fortunes of Arthur Cumberland here commenced. He had quitted his place simply because he was tired of it; he longed for change. He had read much,

and heard more, about the great city; he was full of youthful ardour, and longed for more stirring adventure than was ever likely to befall him at farmer Simpson's. He trudged along with a light heart and a merry soul, with his newly drawn wages, the earnings of two years, in his pockets. Six golden guineas—what wealth! What could he not do with so much money? He felt himself independent of the world. Reader, was he not a bold lad for his age? He had bidden good bye to no one, nor informed a soul of his intentions. He had often been heard to talk of London, and how he should like to go there. It seemed to be the imagined El Dorado of his happiness and ambition; but no one for a moment supposed that young Arthur intended setting out on such a pilgrimage as he had now undertaken. It was supposed, that when he had received his wages he would have handed them over to John Rose, the cottager, who had "reared him"; or else

that they would be deposited with farmer Simpson's wife, who acted as a substitute for what we now call savings banks towards such of the *employés* as desired it.

It was, therefore, a matter of no little surprise when it was discovered that the boy referred to was nowhere to be found about the village; and amongst the goblins of the place—for the peasantry of England are the most egregious boors on the face of earth—a still greater sensation when a report arrived that young Cumberland had been seen marching along, after the fashion of a raw recruit, or a sickle-slung Tipperary boy, in the direction of the metropolis.

"Ged! he sed he'd go," observed one.

"Wage and smock—sharp," said another.

"Well! if ever I did—only to think of it," spake the farmer's wife; and the daring enterprize of the lad became the chief topic of conversation among those concerned for several succeeding days.

"It's my opinion, we shall never see any more of him," quoth farmer Simpson.

"Ah! wait a bit; he'll come back to his oats yet, I'll warrant," continued the lady last mentioned. But, in spite of her expression of warranty, no Arthur Cumberland returned; and, after the lapse of weeks, he was, to use the language employed, entirely "given over" by the people at the farm; but with regard to the labourer and his family, they still hoped, if not to see him, at any rate to hear of him at some future time, for he had often promised that when he was able to earn his own living he would not lag in contributing his mite to those who had cherished him through infancy to his twelfth year of life, and they forgave him the act of thus abruptly quitting the scene of his early labours, and their blessing accompanied him on his uncertain journey.

Let us recur to the adventurous boy. On the evening of the day following that on which he had started, he reached London. It was in the month of Novem-

ber, and the weather was bright and genial for the season, but snow and sleet, rain or fog, would have been alike braved by the dauntless lad, had such things prevailed, and hope, and the glowing ardour of a first vague ambition, would have carried him on with step elastic and spirit unflagged, through the undefinable wilderness of the great city; with which possessions, and a trifle less than the before mentioned six guineas in his pocket, he now entered the mighty vortex. What part in the great drama of London life could it be expected the unsophisticated country lad of fourteen years could there enact? He was alone amid the crowd, an insignificant puppet in the hands of fortune. People turned round as they passed, to look at his swag, still suspended across his shoulder, which gave him a rawness of appearance, and was strongly indicative of a rusticity seldom to be seen in London beyond the precincts of Covent Garden Market, and

then not in the native freshness characterised by the young adventurer of our sketch. But this agricultural rusticity of look and appendage was quickly changed under the influence of the metropolitan atmosphere. The kit, knapsack, or swag, as the reader chooses to call it, was deposited at a lodging and coffee house of a low class in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, where the new arrival took up his temporary abode. He was a shrewd clever lad, and accordingly kept secret the fact of his having any money about him; it was naturally supposed that he had only a few pence, with which to pay for his night's lodging; for, indeed, had it been known that a thing so helpless had been possessed of gold, the chances would have been greatly against Arthur Cumberland's having anything but the memory of it left on the morning following.

In London, as well as in any other city or town, it was, and is by no means a difficult

thing for a boy, such as the one under our notice, to procure employment—the means of bread. A well educated man, if friendless and moneyless, may tread the streets wearily until he drop with fatigue, or retire to his garret, and die through starvation, without a thought being bestowed upon him. He may answer advertisements, or otherwise become a candidate for employment, for a whole year, were he able to hold out so long, without being successful in his endeavours; he may struggle and starve till he finds his frame overcome by disease, and at the last moment himself the inmate of a hospital, from which he is never destined to emerge; but with regard to an able bodied lad, the case is different; he is more easily and readily provided for. He is a cheaper instrument than a man proper, and the chances are a hundred to one in his favour. Therefore, it was that, our hero, on the morning following his entry into London, took his way along the Strand, and, with

five guineas in his stocking, and the remainder wrapped up in his pocket, he zealously looked about, and bestirred himself to get what he called a place.

He had not proceeded far, when a paper in the window of a shoe shop attracted his attention.

"Wanted, a stout active lad:" it was just the thing for him. He went in, and, skipping the dialogue, was engaged at half-a-crown a week wages, with the addition of board and lodging on the premises. Here was fortune in a moment. How glad he felt when he had thus found, as it were, a home, cannot be here realized. He quickly removed his travelling appurtenances from the lodging house, and became installed in his new office; and although it was only that of a boot black and errand boy, he felt glad and thankful. Having thus far conducted the son and heir of Lawrence Cumberland on his passage through life, we will here leave him. He is yet to stand forth prominently in our drama.

CHAPTER XXX.

Trelawney arrived in London with the full intention of doing something, but what that something might be he as yet knew not. His first object was to locate himself in a comfortable home. With this view he penned an advertisement illustrative of his desire to meet with board and residence in a private family; and, soon after its publication in the *Times*, he had the felicity of receiving one hundred and twenty-six answers. It was a work of some labour to read them all, and having read them, to

make a selection; and, after making a selection, it was another great task, involving a considerable amount in cab fare or pedestrious exercise, to make the necessary calls, for the residences of the various writers, of whom gentlemen of the medical profession formed a full fifth, were scattered in various directions about the great city.

His first day's search he found to be very fatiguing, and the distance he had travelled, and the bewilderment he had experienced, out of all proportion with the number of calls that he had made, only three; none of which gained him that for which he sought. On the second day the case was different. After having in vain gone up one street and down another in search of some particular Place, or one of the many Terraces with which he had to deal, and the discovery of which he found to be next to impossible, he arrived at the corner of Westbourne Terrace, and was in the act of inquiring of a passing pedestrian

the way to Eastbourne Terrace, when a little active-eyed woman, of antiquated appearance, with dangling curls of grey hair hanging on either side of her venerable face, stopped as she overheard the directions as to route given to our hero, and kindly volunteered to pioneer the way to the desired Terrace, in which she announced herself as a resident.

"What number, may I ask, do you wish for?" said she, as they walked along.

"Fifty-five," answered our hero.

"Dear me, it's very strange," she said, after a moment's pause; "that's my house."

"Indeed!" ejaculated her companion.

"What might you want?" she asked politely, and in a tone calculated to lessen the effect of a question so direct.

"Oh! I received a note from you about board and residence," he replied.

"Yes, sir," said the lady with the most gracious obsequience, and accelerating her speed of locomotion, so much was she im-

pelled by the ruling spirit of gain, to reach the house and show him the rooms.

"We are quite independent," she remarked, after arriving in her own drawing-room, which was furnished in the plainest possible manner, with chairs whose bottoms, from their appearance, our hero presumed to be of straw; but which, according to a subsequent statement of the old lady's, turned out to be of something else.

"Mr. De Snag cannot see you to-day, sir," said she, "but the doctor says he'll not require him any more after to-morrow."

"He's been ill, then," observed our hero.

"Yes; he's had to undergo an operation. Didn't I tell you? I'm so forgetful. But you'll find everything very exact, sir. Five towels a week I find; and if you want more I charge for them;" and so talked Mrs. De Snag, with whom our hero had arranged to take up his residence, giving payment at the rate of ninety-five pounds a year.

"How would you like it paid?" asked he.

"Oh, quarterly. We don't think it's respectable any other way."

The result of this interview was, that our hero took up his residence at the house of the De Snags two days afterwards; it was not, however, for three days after that that the old lady knocked at his bedroom door for the purpose of introducing her now in every way convalescent husband to him.

"Oh! Mr. De Snag, Mr. Trelawney. I've brought him to you," said she, alluding to a ricketty, pudgy-bodied, muscle-moving faced man; who commenced bobbing his head and bending his body, automaton fashion, to an extent which was laughable; and who moved his feet and his hands as if he wished to disconnect them entirely from his other man, and whose bodily manner was altogether so shuffling and rampant, that Trelawney's face was in as much danger of being hit by the erratic movements of the former, as his toes were of being trodden upon by the latter. The old man, for he

was evidently past sixty, and, as his guest thought, troubled with the St. Vitus dance, uttered a few words of a congratulatory kind, with the natural politeness of a Frenchman; but they were so disconnected and indistinct, as well as of such questionable grammar, that their meaning was only to be interpreted by the gestures of the speaker.

This meeting took place on the stair landing, and in front of Trelawney's bedroom door. The latter, after expressing his happiness in his recovery and restoration to the world beyond his bedroom, held out his hand, which the other seized and shook up and down as if it had been a pump handle, and as if he did not know at what stage to let it go again, for it was not for some seconds that Trelawney released himself from the awkward grasp of the unwieldy Frenchman: after which the latter shuffled off, bowing and bobbing as at first, and with him went his slim, grey headed, pinch visaged, heavy nosed partner, in childless

matrimony. The dinner was meagrely supplied, and two hours afterwards, *i. e.*, at eight o'clock, tea followed ; after absorbing which beverage, Trelawney retired into his bedroom, to prepare and arrange plans for his future guidance.

Winterthorne had left London soon after their arrival from the continent, with the expressed intention of proceeding to Nottingham, and confronting, according to promise, his former friend, Dr. MacSlab. He was expecting his return daily.

Trelawney opened his portmanteau, pulled out a cash box, and after inspecting its contents, replaced it, with the ejaculation, "Five hundred and ten pounds;" such being the amount therein contained, in the form of a deposit note for three hundred, lodged in the bank of Sir John Green Saul, Gates, and Co., Fleet Street, and ten sovereigns. This was the balance of his entire fortune, gained in California, and very well off he felt himself. His ambition was to

be called to the bar. With the view, therefore, of instituting the preliminary inquiries, he took his way to Gray's Inn on the morning following.

"Are you a university man?" asked the clerk in the steward's office, "I ask you because you'll have a fee less to pay if you are."

"No, I am not," answered the applicant.

"Oh! are you of any profession?"

"None," was the answer, "as yet. A profession is the very thing that I want," and he smiled peculiarly.

"Oh! well, I'll fill up one of the forms for you. What name shall I say?" resumed the clerk, pen in hand.

"Harry Trelawney," replied the candidate for a wig and gown.

"Residence?"

"Fifty-five, Eastbourne Terrace."

"Father's name?" continued the clerk.

Our hero for the moment was non-plussed, but he promptly answered, and without much hesitation, "Edward Trelawney."

"First son?"

"Yes," replied the ex-digger, who felt a little out of his element in having to answer such questions.

"Profession and place of residence of father?" continued the clerk.

"I'm hanged if I know," he ejaculated within himself, with a puzzled feeling, and almost as quickly uttered, "merchant, Constantinople;" all which particulars, together with his own age, were legibly filled into a printed form.

"You must procure the signatures of two barristers in recommendation, and get a householder as bondsman for you," said the clerk, as he handed the now folded document to the legal aspirant.

"Is there any charge?" inquired he, to which the clerk answered, "Not any," and he left the Inn, feeling wiser than he had ever done before.

"I know of neither a householder nor barristers that will sign for me," he reasoned;

but, knowing the force and value of money, and that by virtue of it they could be easily procured, he did not allow that difficulty to stand in his way to what he adjudged eminence. The same evening he represented his requirement of a householder as bondsman, to the old couple with whom he lived, and, thinking according to the motto that nothing was to be had without being asked for, he asked his French host whether he would sign for him in the matter; but that individual manifested so much painful anxiety and amazement in consequence, that Trelawney at once dismissed the matter by saying that as Monsieur De Snag was not a naturalised Englishman, it would be better that he should not have anything to do with it; notwithstanding which, however, the voluntary exile from his country, followed him up into his bedroom, and after gasping "Oh! Monsieur Trelawney," and then burst into tears and sank sobbing on to a neighbouring chair.

Trelawney was unable to divine the cause of such a strange ebullition of feeling.

"The man's mad," he thought; and after in vain trying to get a word of explanation from the half convulsed De Snag, he ran down stairs to inquire of his wife if anything was the matter with Monsieur.

"No; what's he doing?" said Madame.

"He's in a high state of grief about something, I can't get a word out of him," answered the other. "Is it about that Gray's Inn affair, do you think?" he asked.

"I dare say, he's so very nervous, the least thing puts him out; where is he?"

"In my room," answered Trelawney; and the old companion in barren matrimony took her way up stairs to rouse De Snag, as she called him, from his lethargy of sorrow, or to appease his frenzy of grief, as the case might be.

"He's so sorry that he's not able to do what you wanted," observed the old woman,

who, when they had reached the bedroom alluded to, found that Monsieur had retired from its precincts.

He had gone up to his own dressing-room, whither she followed him.

"Come, De Snag, get up; don't sit there, crying; the gentleman doesn't want you to do anything. Come, get up."

"Oh! no, oh! no, let me alone," Trelawney heard the old man cry, in a sobbing childish manner, and as if withdrawing his hand from that of his wife's.

"Very well, I'll leave you there," and in the dark, as shehad found him, she left him.

"He's in his dotage, poor sinner," quoth Trelawney, to himself.

By and by, clumsy footsteps, accompanied by a shuffling of body and panting of breath, the usual evidences of De Snag's approach, were heard descending the stairs.

Trelawney opened the door of his dressing-room, and caught a glimpse of the unwieldy figure, moving in the darkness.

"Monsieur," ejaculated he.

The old fellow turned round to the call, and wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve and hands, came and shook hands with his lodger, who so far pacified him, that after giving expression to many apologies and regrets that he was unable to oblige his new friend, he took his way down stairs in a somewhat more satisfied mood than before.

On the day following our hero took his way to Gray's Inn, and having stated his position as a stranger in London, he was referred to a certain attorney, who procured him the necessary bondsman, together with the recommendatory signatures of two members of the bar, in return for the sum of ten guineas.

The preliminary fees, amounting to about twenty-five pounds, were paid on the day afterwards, and in due course, after the lapse of three days, the Benchers having signed approval, Harry Trelawney, Esquire, was entered as a student for the English bar, of the honourable Society of Gray's Inn.

"A hundred and thirty pounds and eighteen months dinners, and I'm called," reasoned he; and forthwith set to reading Chitty and Coke, which books he obtained from the Inn library.

Thus he was fairly entered for a profession which was to at once give him a *locus standi* in society, as well as, in his opinion, to lead him on to glory hereafter.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Forty years prior to the period treated of in the last chapter, Arthur Cumberland had been called to the bar by the same honourable Society of Gray's Inn. The latter offered greater facilities than either the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, both on the score of economy, the fees being smaller, and also by virtue of no preliminary examination of candidates previous to admission being required, thereby proving itself very convenient to would-be barristers in general, and our friend and hero in

particular. Arthur Cumberland was thrifty, shrewd, ardent, and persevering. From being a boot black and errand boy at the shop in the Strand, he had transferred himself to the shop of a grocer, at five shillings a week wages, in addition to board and lodging. From this he had entered the service of a bookseller and stationer in Cheapside, which place was not only more lucrative than either of the others, but afforded him the means of gratifying his taste for reading, and also of initiating himself by force of contact with a more intelligent set of beings than he was thrown among during his servitude either at the grocer's or the shoemaker's.

Mr. Richard Sharpe, the aforementioned stationer, his employer, was a widower and childless. He had not a relative that he cared about in the world.

Four years passed over the head of Arthur from the time of his entering the service of the Cheapside bookseller. The former had

much improved, both in manners, appearance, and education, having attended a City Night School, during the greater part of the time, while the latter had treated him in the kindest manner, and manifested a regard for him which was friendly, if not fatherly.

The ambition of the bookseller's assistant was to be able to sit in wig and gown in Westminster Hall. Old Sharpe had often conversed with him on the subject of his past, present, and future career, and knew the tastes, desires, and natural bent of his youthful *protégé*.

"You shall be a barrister," exclaimed the grey-headed widower, on one occasion: "I'll pay for you; you've talents, and may shine; perhaps be a judge some day: who knows? More unlikely things have happened." The good man, however, was not destined to see the work carried out. He called young Cumberland to his bedroom one dull morning in January. "Arthur,"

he said, "I'm very ill; send for Mr. Giles," meaning his attorney, "and the doctor: I'm afraid I'm going, Arthur. It can't be helped; I'm an old man." Thus with a resolute presence of mind, in the prospect of approaching death, the venerable stationer of Cheapside commissioned his favoured *employé*.

"I'll leave you enough to get on with. I'll leave you two thousand pounds, Arthur," continued the enfeebled benefactor.

The attorney and doctor arrived; the former inserted the item of two thousand pounds in the will of Richard Sharpe, and such was his last testament; the doctor prescribed, and told him to keep quiet; and the city bookseller remained in his room till the time of his death, which occurred sixteen days afterwards.

Thus briefly have we ushered in an event in the life of Arthur Cumberland, which was the turning-point in his career. The funeral over, the money was promptly

paid, and the recipient of the generous bounty of the late stationer of Cheapside, betook himself to chambers in Gray's Inn, of which honourable society he became a member, and diligently began to make acquaintance with various standard works in which he was destined to be examined, prior to being called to the enviable position of a barrister-at-law.

About this time he paid a visit to the village in Gloucestershire, for the first time since his abrupt departure therefrom. He congratulated every one whom he had formerly known, and warmly greeted those with whom he had passed the first eleven years of his lifetime. The labourer, his wife and family, still lived, as they had done, in the same cottage, and under the same circumstances as when he left the village six years before. There was no alteration in the aspect of the place; but people had married and died, and children had been born among the villagers. Ar-

thur received the grateful homage of his faithful nurse, when he handed her fifty pounds in part payment, as he rightly considered, of the debt of his father to those who had cherished him during his years of helplessness. He was lavish in his small gifts of money to the children about the place; and by his sumptuousness of manner, appearance, and pocket, quite astonished the country folks in general, and farmer Simpson in particular.

"Bless me, what a fine gentleman that lad's turned out," said the wife of the latter wonderingly; "how's he gotten the money; he's given old Rose fifty pound, and shillins to the children all about the village."

The fact is Arthur Cumberland wished to astonish the natives; and by his money and altered look, his cocked hat, sword, and silver buckled shoes, he effectually did it. He was the marvel as well as the lion of the whole community, and when he left by post-chaise on the day after his arrival, a

chorus of hurrahs saluted him from all sides, the sound of which seemed to linger in his ears during the entire journey to London. He moralized on the way, thinking on his improved position since last travelling the very same journey on foot, with his kit across his shoulder. No news of his father or anyone connected with him had been heard of at the village. He had, as we have said, never seen that parent within memory, nor his mother, for she had died ere he had well outrun his first year's existence. He knew, by report, that his father, originally a lawyer, had been a schoolmaster at Clifton, and that subsequently he had been imprisoned for debt; but all beyond was hidden; he was as ignorant as to in whom or where he could find a relative, as any of those among whom he had been bred up and nurtured. Conflicting and anxious thoughts took possession of him for awhile, but as he was borne rapidly across the landscape towards

the scene of his future studies and labours, which were to lead him, as he thought, and we will not say untruly, to honour and eminence, he dispelled the flaky visions of his pedigree, and justly considering himself a deserted orphan, he dismissed the subject with half a sneer of reproach, something in the spirit of "I care for nobody, nobody cares for me."

He put up at a roadside inn for the night, and resuming his journey early on the following morning, entered London at about mid-day.

CHAPTER XXXII.

We last parted with the supposed widow of Lawrence Cumberland, immediately after the performance of a second marriage, between herself and the barman at the "Red Lion", Portsmouth, and nearly seven years after the mysterious disappearance of the fortune forsaken ex-attorney, whose end was proclaimed by all who knew him to have been that of a suicide. The name of this second husband was Dykes—Samuel Dykes. Six years more rolled away without altering in the least the fortunes of

these humble plodders, in the byways of life; but shortly afterwards, Dykes, the barman, having by some means rendered himself obnoxious to the landlord of the "Red Lion," quitted that individual's service, and feeling, to use his own language, disgusted with Portsmouth, resolved to repair to the metropolis, and there officiate in some other "Red Lion," "Blue Post," or "Star and Garter," as the case might be, and his wife with him.

William Henry, his stepson, accompanied them on the journey. He was then in his fourteenth year, and for a lad of his age, had received a fair education, having attended school regularly from his seventh year, his mother priding herself on her boy's attainments. Dykes did not allow much time to elapse after his arrival in London, before he located himself in a similar situation to that which he had held at Portsmouth, while his stepson, who had not hitherto been engaged in any occupa-

tion, succeeded, by means of an advertisement, in obtaining employment as office boy, or junior clerk, in the counting house of a city firm, his salary for the first six months being at the option of his employers. After a lapse of about a year, security to the extent of a hundred pounds was required, by the latter; and in order to meet their views, Dykes, the stepfather, deposited his entire earthly fortune, fifty pounds, in addition to a bond for a like sum; this was done as a guarantee for the lad's honesty, with regard to any money he might be required to handle. A very few weeks after this, he, in an evil hour, absconded from the service alluded to, with the sum of forty pounds odd. This, as might be expected, greatly discomfited the stepfather, as well as the boy's mother, causing the former to vow vengeance against him, and the latter to shed those tears of bitter disappointment and regret, which a parent alone can experience.

No criminal proceedings were commenced against the erring and ungrateful fugitive by his late employers, owing to their having the means of reimbursing themselves in their own hands. The trifling difference between the amount embezzled and the sum lodged, was paid over to Mr. Dykes, and so ended his connexion with the affairs of one whom he never afterwards either saw or heard of. Nobody knew where the young scamp had gone to, and his mother wondered in vain as to what had become of him. At length, after the lapse of nearly two years, and five weeks after the death of Dykes himself, she received a letter, bearing the Leeds post mark, and containing the information that her son, William Henry Cumberland, had died four days previously in that town, and that he had been respectably buried at the expense of the writer, one Peter Grimshaw by signature.

This was a mere *ruse*, in order to get some money out of Mrs. Dykes, adopted by

one of the confederates of this sinful lad William, who was, as the reader may have already surmised, no other than Victor Trelawney, the hero of the elopement, whose early career we had occasion to allude to at the time of his introduction; but when Mr. Peter Grimshaw waited on Mrs. Dykes, after that gentleman's arrival in London, he found her, to use his own expression, in such low water, that she was unable to recompense him for so disinterested a task as the burial of her only son, and he would have confessed to the deception when he found she was without money, and recently bereaved of her second husband, but that he had no wish to brand himself a liar. The reported death and burial of even that unworthy son, caused her a pang of intense grief; for she had hoped to see him return a penitent ere long, when she could again clasp him in her motherly embrace, and forgive his youthful rashness, but now there was no

hope; he had sunk to the grave unreconciled with her, and she was left alone in the world. Bitterly she wept for that young castaway, who, led on by his elder companions, was still following the unhappy and disreputable career of a common thief. There is no doubt but that the evil instincts of the boy had been developed by the associations of his life in London; and that the love of money, which has been truly said to be the root of all evil, overcame any innate feeling of honesty he was possessed of.

Honesty, however, as interpreted by civilised mankind, or rather, man in his artificial state, is merely a conventional rule; for, surely, if all had enough, no one would have occasion to appropriate that which belongeth to his fellow, neither would there be temptation to violate the simple rights of each individual; for a spirit of mutual goodwill would exist, and all things would be as much the property of one as of another. But money, that cursed institu-

tion introduced by civilisation, has narrowed the liberty of both our thought and action, and left the savage in the primeval wilderness a more noble creature than any of us who act in the grand puppetshow of society—of pounds, shillings and pence, and their infinite accessories, in this our year of Christianity, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, when everyone mistrusts his neighbour, and cold unfriendly isolation is the system of the age;—when maidens live on in perpetual celibacy, because they are so penned up, that no opportunity is afforded them of coming in contact with a suitable helpmate; and when men, unable to procure wives, or support the proper ideal of "an establishment," revel away their youth and manhood in pernicious debauchery. Why is this? Why is society so unhappily constituted? Surely a more healthful tone and moral would characterise the middle and upper classes of the empire in which we live, if the shackles and fetters of society

were set loose, thus granting more freedom of intercourse, and lessening that feeling of mutual mistrust which is the grand mistake and social evil of our day, leading to miserable isolation on the one side, and ruinous profligacy on the other; for, in the words of Scripture, man was not born to live alone, neither, as a natural consequence, was woman.

Oh! old maids and bachelors of England, in what generation will ye mend your ways, and consider that money is the evil and not the blessing of life; and that what goes to support each of you in your years of maidenhood or bachelorhood, would just as well, if not better, sustain you if amalgamated together, even as yourselves in the bonds of holy matrimony? The poet says:

"And is there not a dismal void in life
Without that thing of joy—a loving wife
To shed her glory ever round the sphere
In which she lives, and maketh life more dear
Than those who never knew such bliss can tell?"

And the poet speaks truly; mayhap he was married himself!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

We have already mentioned that immediately after the return of our hero and Winterthorne from their continental tour, the latter took his way to Nottingham, in accordance with his promise to Dr. MacSlab, the respected accoucheur entrusted with the care of Mrs. Radley, during the period of her delivery of the pillow before mentioned, which latter was superseded shortly afterwards by the pink body of a fine male child, that had just emerged into active life elsewhere, and which was subsequently

held up to all the stocking weavers in Nottingham as the son and heir of Henry Radley.

Winterthorne was seated in the library and studio of Dr. MacSlab.

"Now about your late uncle's property," spoke the latter, in a confidential tone, after informing him that he had been unable to gain any intelligence of the missing wife, "what will you give if I get it you?"

"Get it me! why, how do you mean?" exclaimed the other, with surprise.

"Well, never mind; I'll tell you afterwards. Will you give half?" continued the prescription writer.

"Well, it depends upon circumstances; but I see no chance of getting it unless this youngster dies off without a will."

"If I prove in a court of law," resumed the doctor, emphatically, and shaking his fist, "that that boy Joseph has no right whatever to the property he has just inherited, and get the estate transferred to

yourself, what then will you give me?" Here he paused, and each gazed intently at the other. "I can do it," continued Mac Slab, with an air of authoritative importance; and so saying he sank back in his large leather, brass-nailed, arm chair, and anxiously, yet with a calm look, awaited a reply.

"You surprise me. Gad! I'm quite taken aback, as the sailors say," said Winterthorne, with much curiosity of gesture. "Tell us all about it, doctor."

"Well, I don't mind, as I said, if you'll go halves, and give me your guarantee that you'll profit by my knowledge, and enter an action of ejectment; a writ of right, I think it's called, against the young man now in possession."

"Ah! doctor, I'm sorry you're a Scotchman; you're too good a bargainer for me; why, half—that's an awful slice for commission; whereas if this chap died I might get"—

At this crisis, MacSlab, who had been

leaning forward with his hands on the table, uttered a vociferous mew and forced laugh, after which he fell back in his chair, with a whistle indicative of contemptuous ridicule at the idea of the man before him being so absurd as for a moment to entertain the slightest expectation of even the possibility of such a thing ever occurring.

Winterthorne was half angry at the doctor's display of seeming derision. "You may laugh and whistle, Dr. MacSlab; but I'll tell you what—more unlikely things have occurred. Then, supposing he was to die to-night—die to-night I say—"

"Yes," put in the accoucheur.

"Well, then," resumed the other—

"Hoot! tush!" exclaimed the doctor, suddenly and interruptingly, with the view of checking an argument so unfavourable to his negociation; "suppose I was to be turned into a bullfinch."

"Not very likely," replied the other. "But, confound it, you haven't told me

your grounds for upsetting the claim of young Radley. How do you mean to do it — choke him?" On hearing this the countenance of Dr. MacSlab grew red and angry.

"Sir, I cannot allow such an insinuation as that to be uttered against me, and I request that you retract it instantaneously."

"Pardon, pardon, doctor. Nothing meant," answered the visitor.

"You retract it then?"

"With all my heart and every bit of my lungs."

"Well, then, let me tell you, that the means are at my own command, and that they would be applied, not surreptitiously, but legally—in a court of law most likely; but as I should have to make declarations on oath, and subject myself to a great deal of annoyance and trouble in consequence, and as I am the only one who is in a position to advance, or even make known your claim, I do not feel disposed to enter

into the matter unless I receive an ample consideration for so doing."

"Very fair; all very fair, doctor. But suppose you get a thousand pounds of it."

The doctor here gave a look too black and scornful for description.

"What! for bringing you twenty thousand pounds? No! Duncan MacSlab knows better than to do that;" and he rose up from his huge heavy chair with the look of an injured man. Then changing his mood suddenly, he said:—"Give me a guarantee for eight thousand pounds, and I promise you that the entire estate of the late James Radley shall be yours; but not a farthing less will I ever take. If you don't choose to give it, say so, and we'll have done with the matter."

"Well then, doctor, tell me the process you would adopt for ousting him, or what plea you would put in."

"That is known only to myself; and unless you feel disposed to accede to my proposal, it remains secret."

Winterthorne here put some questions bearing further on the subject, but they were stopped by MacSlab, who said—

"I have said all that I ever intend saying, unless you are willing to accept my offer. You'd not find one man in a thousand who would do it under the circumstances: however, you've only yourself to consider. But recollect, that if you don't get the money through me, you'll never get it at all."

"Well, I'll consider!" said Winterthorne, "and call again."

"Very well!" answered MacSlab. "You can take supper here, if you like; I shall be glad to see you."

"Thank you! I'll do so then. What time?"

"Eight o'clock," was the reply; and the two men parted with a mutual shake of the hand, the one curious, wondering and confused, the other calm, collected, and greedy in the expectation of making his desired harvest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Winterthorne punctually attended at the supper table in company with MacSlab and a certain elderly gentleman, who was introduced as Mr. Croker; there were no others, for the shrewd practitioner was a widower and childless. He and his two servants, in the shape of a boy in buttons and an old female cook, alone inhabited the house in which he dwelt, over whose outer walls green-leaved ivy grew from out of venerable and matted stalks; amongst which the sparrows chirruped, and

in and out of which they flew with many a twitter, from the first blush of the laughing morn, ere the spinning-jennies were in motion, till the sun had sunk down in the west, and the weavers had ceased their labours in the good old stocking and bobbing making town of Nottingham.

The supper was amply and substantially served; old ale, port, sherry, and Scotch whiskey, constituting the drinks; and a cold ham and chickens, together with a collar of brawn and some prime old Stilton, the chief eatables. The doctor, after hastily discussing a small platter of oatmeal porridge which was laid before him, partook heartily of the other consumeables, after which he called for hot water and made himself a tumbler of the stiffest of punch. The others followed his example. Hitherto not a word had been said about the affair of the morning.

"Well, Radley," broke out the host, "have you thought over that matter?"

"Yes; a little," was the reply.

"Is this gentleman, Mr. Croker, in your confidence with regard to it?" asked he.

"Oh! yes, you can speak out, Mr. Croker 's an old friend."

"Will you undertake, I say, to give me eight thousand pounds if I put you in possession?"

"Suppose we say five," said Winterthorne, *alias* Radley, with a half intoxicated laugh, for he had been imbibing liberally throughout the day, and the mixture of beer, sherry, port, and whiskey-punch, consumed at the supper table, was beginning to tell upon his eyes and words.

"He's coming round," thought MacSlab, with an inward chuckle, as he passed the whiskey towards his intended prey, accompanied with the remark, "mix for yourself, Radley."

The latter forthwith acted on the suggestion and concocted another tumbler, which he drank off at three sips, eulogizing

awhile what the doctor called "the dew off Ben Nevis."

"You're a fool if you don't take the doctor's offer," remarked the guest, Croker, who was by profession a solicitor, and one, moreover, very much in want of practice.

"Gad! I think with you," answered the ex-convict, lifting his tumbler with the intention of drinking therefrom.

"You'd better finish with it," said Croker, in a low whisper, "for I think the doctor's half inclined to withdraw from having aught to do with it."

Winterthorne looked up and ejaculated "Very well."

MacSlab rose from his chair and said, "I'll get the paper," with which view he left the room, and returned again after the lapse of about five minutes; in the meantime Croker had been impressing him with the advantages which would result from the arrangement, not the least attractive of which was the immediate possession of ready money to the extent of thousands.

Winterthorne continued to mix and drink, and when the note of agreement was handed to him, it seemed so simple, and said so little, that he appended his signature to it as desired; after which Croker signed as presiding witness, and the affair was completed.

"Now tell me all about it," said the husband of two wives.

"Well," commenced MacSlab, "the thing is very simple and straightforward; it is that the now acknowledged heir, Frederick Radley, is not the child of either your late aunt or uncle, and that the whole thing was a deception, as she never was in the family way. The child belongs to a woman now living, and I can prove the whole thing; the consequence is, that the property will go to the next of kin, and the present inheritor not being in any way related, will have to relinquish everything belonging to the estate."

"By Jove! that's strange, but I understood

that you attended her in (hiccup) confinement."

"That, sir, is what enables and empowers me to act in this matter," answered the Scotchman, quite unabashed at being discovered as the primary instrument of the deception.

"Just so: I see, you—you" (hiccup).

"Pass the whiskey, Mr. Croker," bellowed the practitioner, shortly after which the latter pointed to a miniature time-piece, and said, "It's eleven o'clock, gentlemen;" which, being accepted in the sense of "Go home—I want to go to bed;" the heir expectant to the estates of the defunct Radley took his leave, with the promise that he would call at noon on the day following. The attorney and the porridge-eater still lingered together.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Arthur Cumberland zealously prosecuted his studies in the even then dingy chambers of Gray's Inn; and after the lapse of two years, he was called to the bar by that honourable society, and at the early age of twenty-two. He was possessed of oratorical abilities, and his natural talents generally were of a high order; they were the only weapons he had to fight his way with against his many competitors, who had both wealth and connections on their side. He was friendless, and although not without

money, for he had after his visit to the village in Gloucestershire been as thrifty and economical as circumstances would admit of, and had a considerable portion of the legacy of two thousand pounds still remaining; still it was not sufficient to enable him to make a show with, and he rightly judged that the more prudent plan would be to live a quiet life, upon the money he already had, until such time as he forced his way in the profession; for practice he was determined to get, in spite of every obstacle.

For the first two years he found a barrister's life difficult and uninviting enough to daunt a less heroic spirit than his own, but perseverance at length gave him an opportunity of displaying his powers. It so happened that the leading counsel in a case which attracted a considerable amount of public interest, and in which Cumberland was also engaged, was compelled, by sudden indisposition, to leave

the court. The junior thereupon took the reins into his own hand, and both by his admirable tact and management, as well as his potent eloquence, so completely frustrated and baffled his opponents, that the jury, contrary to all previous expectation, gave their verdict in favour of the client so ably advocated by him. After this achievement, brief followed brief in flattering, not to say profitable numbers, and Arthur Cumberland had gained for himself a name. Truly law is a lottery, and the best talker often gains the prize.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Winterthorne had been absent from London a little more than a week, during which time he had written twice to his friend, our hero, hinting vaguely that he was in expectation of being declared legal successor to his late uncle's estate, when, at the hour of 9 p.m., the visitors' bell attached to the house of Monsieur De Snag, in Eastbourne Terrace, was pulled into a state of tingling agitation, which being in the mind of the presiding housemaid in particular, and all those who heard it in

general, indicative of the outer presence of some one desirous of communicating with herself, or others, took her way from the kitchen to the street door, and in reply to

"Is Mr. Trelawney at home?"

To which she answered, "Yes, sir!" ushered in the once stern rover over the Australian wilderness, who had just arrived from Nottingham.

"Mr. Winterthorne, sir," said the maid.

"Ask him up." And in a moment more the friends were together.

"Well, old fellow, how have you been getting on?" said the boarder in the house of the eccentric De Snag, the most curious of men and the most strange of Frenchmen.

"That's just what I want to tell you," was the reply. "By Jove! it's the queerest thing alive."

"What is it! a scale-backed armadillo?" asked Trelawney facetiously.

"No! confound it—still life—about this property affair. By Jove"—and here he

burst into a laugh made up of wonder and gratification—"it may turn out a good thing for me though," he continued.

"Fire away! Tell us all about it," urged Trelawney.

"Well, look here. My aunt, near twenty years ago, gave out that she was enceinte, as they call it. Well, after that she gave birth to a son—that is, she shammed it—but it wasn't hers at all. She was never in the family way in her life."

"Hurray!" ejaculated the other, laughing at so novel a discovery.

"She was freighted with a pillow instead. But the strangest part of the business is, that old MacSlab, the doctor—who, by the by, delivered her on the occasion—should have turned the thing so capitally to his own advantage as he is now doing. Gad! he's to have eight thousand out of the twenty for peaching. The mother of the child's still living in Sheffield; father unknown. Notice of ejectment has been

served to-day; and, by Jove! what a sensation there'll be."

"Wonders never cease," ejaculated Trelawney. "You'll have some tin then soon."

"Oui, monsieur; I guess I shall rather," answered Winterthorne, with an ironical Yankeeism of tone, but with much self congratulation of manner.

"Well, here's luck to you, old boy," spoke our hero, nodding and quaffing a glass of sherry.

"Thank you; same to you, Trelawney, maybe you'll be Lord Chancellor some day."

The other laughed; "That's like telling a chicken in embryo that it may turn out a fighting cock. Ah! I must wait till I'm hatched."

"When will that be I should like to know? I considered you a pretty old chicken already," said Winterthorne.

"When I've eaten half a dozen dinners and fingered Coke, old boy."

"Fingered what?" said the other; "gad,

I'd rather finger the dinners than the coke any day;" at which they both laughed, and simultaneously imbibed the produce of some bygone vintage.

"How do you like your quarters here?" asked Winterthorne.

"Oh! pretty well; but I don't think I shall stay the quarter out, I shall take chambers at the Inn," was the response. "They're two of the queerest images that ever allied themselves together in holy matrimony that keep the house; one can't speak English and the other can't speak French. Monsieur is always talking about his wife's barrenness, and Madame about her miscarriages; so that what with the one and what with the other, it's a puzzle to make them out."

"How very jolly," observed the arrival from Nottingham, "let's go down and have a look at them."

"Very well," responded Trelawney, "come along," and the two descended, not to the

drawing room, but to the dining room, the De Snags, as the reader is aware, being people of by no means fashionable type, and seldom or never having even a visitor to call upon them. They gave infinitesimally small orders to their tradesmen, whose carts called daily and whose bills were paid quarterly, *i. e.*, the day after the old couple had paid their accustomed call at the Bank of England, where they faithfully received the never failing three per cent. on their money invested in consols, with which interest, carefully distributed over each other's persons, they waddled home again, and twaddled as they went.

"Mr. Winterthorne,—Mrs. De Snag," spoke Trelawney, as he entered the dining room, and presented his friend. "Monsieur De Snag," he continued, extending the introduction to the old gentleman, who forthwith bowed, staggered, danced, and nodded, with much twitching, and a variety of nervous gesticulations, and tried to speak,

but had seemingly lost command of utterance, for he only mumbled something which seemed to yearn from the very recesses of his animal cosmogony.

"Chair, sir, cha-a," he at length ejaculated. "Glad to see you, sir," but the latter was not understood by Winterthorne, who was guided solely by gesture, and who extricated his hand from the grasp of the Frenchman's as soon as he well could; for the latter shook it about and held it so long, and in such a menacing attitude, meanwhile treading on his toes, as he moved his feet about in irregular agitation, that the guest, in spite of his friend's previous observations on the character of their host, began to feel suspicious that Monsieur De Snag was either an assassin or a madman.

"Take tea, sir," she asked, addressing Winterthorne; "we're later than usual to night—(here she stopped cutting the bread, and rubbed her eyes.) "Yes: (here she made a smirk.) "I've been asleep—I'm

sure I shouldn't say so (another and an audible laugh.) "It's a very bad thing to do, I know (smirk again); but you see I cannot sleep after four o'clock in the morning" (Baugh-hiccup.)

Trelawney, being quick of ear and comprehension, had soon familiarised himself, as well as an Englishman ever could, with the jargon of the Frenchman, who, notwithstanding his having been more than twenty years in England, was less acquainted with its language than many of his countrymen who had never been a month on the island in their lives.

"You see I'm a foreigner, sir," said De Snag.

"No; I'm an Englishman," answered Winterthorne

"Hum! Hah—well," gasped and gesticulated the Frenchman. "I have no children, here, sir. One daughter in Jarmany," he continued.

Winterthorne felt rather puzzled to

answer this question; he thought that the question as to offspring was put to himself, and a vision of his second wife, married at Hamburgh, rose up before him; and feeling such talk to be a bore, as well to listen to as to answer, he merely nodded.

"We expect her over here next month," observed the old lady. "Mr. De Snag's daughter by his first marriage. She lives with her aunt at Hambro'."

"Oh! indeed; it's a nice place, Hambro', I lived there myself sometime," remarked Winterthorne; "but it's a long time ago now."

"She's been with Madame Rosenthal since she was a child," continued the old lady.

A gleam of lurid fire, as it were, flashed across the mind of Winterthorne at the mention of the name "Madame Rosenthal." He inadvertently ejaculated, "Does her niece go by that name?"

"No; Mrs. De Burgh. She's a widow—at least her husband's never been heard of

since a year of their marriage. Oh ! it's such a strange thing, Mr. De Snag can tell you all about it," concluded the old lady.

Winterthorne, with trembling limbs, and pallid countenance, sat motionless in his chair, with eyes intently fixed on his informant. His motion attracted attention; but its cause it would have been hard to suppose any of those present could for a moment have suspected.

"Did you know any one of that name?" asked the hostess.

"Not intimately," answered Winterthorne with an effort.

"Hah—he—hah," gasped the old gentleman, in his usual suffocating manner, and making a periodical pull at the old black stock which tightly circled his throat,

"I have an engagement at ten," observed Winterthorne, regaining his self-possession, as far as the speaking point. "And I want to get rest to night, for I've had no sleep much for the last week, and

I've felt quite shaky all day." He shook hands with the old couple and his friend, and promised to call on the next day; a minute afterwards he was treading the Paddington pavement with a rapid and nervous step in the direction of the park. His mind was crowded and blotted with a confusion of thought, and vague ideas of coming good or evil flew across his mental vision, involving him in a strange and indefinable perplexity of things ominous. He felt bewildered, and seemed unable to account for it; and he had arrived at a full stop in the street without being aware of it, till the sound of "Cab, sir?" from a passing Hansom aroused him to his waking senses, and he mechanically entered the vehicle; nor was it for some moments that the driver was able to learn where he wished to be driven to. Such was the effect of the first and unexpected intelligence of his second wife upon the person of Charles Winterthorne, alias Radley.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It is long since we left the child of Sylvanus Scamperwell, then newly in the house of its adoptress, her Grace the Duchess of Yarborough. Be it, therefore, known, that soon after he had thus unconsciously found a place in the home and affections of the supposed aunt of his mother, a controversy ensued between Sir Wyndham Berkeley, the so-called grandfather, and the former, which was subsequently joined in by the duke himself, respecting the naming and baptism of the

young struggler who had been so unexpectedly discovered and passed into their hands by the machinations of that arch medium and theatrical buffoon Scamperwell, whose professional avocations led him to be called the lightning-greaser and wave-bruiser alternately.

"The child is unbaptized, and ought not to remain so any longer," remarked her grace to the baronet three weeks after the adoption, as they sat together in the Yarborough mansion.

It must be here understood that this assertion was made on the good faith of Mr. Scamperwell's statement to that effect.

"I was thinking of Wyndham Adolphus for him," continued the duchess; "but then there's the surname to be considered of."

"Just so," replied Sir Wyndham. "Were they really married, do you think?" asked he, alluding to his late daughter and the dancing master; "that's what I wish to find out.

That Mr. Scamperwell appears to be quite unacquainted with the details of the unhappy affair." Here he paused. "If the man married her—bad as he may be—the offspring of that union ought, regardless of every disadvantage, to bear his name. Then, the most that can be said, would be, that the marriage was an unfortunate one—the result of a foolish elopement; but if the lad has a name, not the one of his father, bestowed upon him, it will stamp him with illegitimacy; which, if they really were married, as I myself believe, would be erroneous policy. I'm endeavouring to ascertain that fact at the present time, and meanwhile, I think the most judicious plan would be to postpone the decision on that point."

"Well, don't let us be long about it, Berkeley," responded the lady: "the sooner a thing of that kind is decided upon the better. I consider it our duty."

"Yes, yes," broke in the baronet; "Mr.

Scamperwell is to communicate with me on the subject of his inquiries as to place of marriage to-morrow, and it may be that by that time he will have ascertained some facts concerning—concerning the—hem—matter." The conversation here meandered in another direction.

Punctually on the morrow, Sylvanus Scamperwell made his report, which was, that so far as he had been able to trace, no marriage had ever been solemnized between Victor Trelawney and the baronet's daughter. This intelligence was communicated to the duchess, who thought an advertisement, addressed "to parish clerks and others," offering a fee on the production of the marriage certificate, would be the most judicious plan to pursue; but against this the baronet stoutly rebelled, saying that he had no wish to parade his daughter's shame before the world, and remained so strong in his objection, that the duchess was overruled on the advertisement point.

"Give him his father's name," at length said the grandfather. "George Augustus Trelawney, whether married or not, it makes no difference in the eyes of God." So in that name was the son of Scamperwell rebaptized, and grew up a flourishing parasite.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

There was much laughing and talking in the house of Monsieur De Snag on a certain night nearly a month following that on which Winterthorne had made his first appearance beneath the roof which sheltered the queer old Frenchman and his agile bride, whose slim proportions and restless activity of muscle belonged rather to girlhood than the downhill age of sixty-three. The old couple had a friend who popped in just in time for a cup of tea, as Mr. De Snag observed, and who was introduced to

Trelawney as the son of an old schoolfellow of De Snag's; and, moreover, as an artist—a sculptor.

Mr. Beeswing, for such was his name, was a half auburn, half red-headed individual, who, when he laughed, so creased his countenance and noisily gesticulated, that he became at once the best of laughing-stocks himself; in other words, his merriment was of a very contagious kind; he possessed the gift of laughing louder and under a more seemingly intoxicating amount of transitory bliss and happiness than any man, woman, or child, that Harry Trelawney had ever the felicity of hearing in the course of his entire peregrinations, either in the old world or the new.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, a-a-a-e-e-e," until his voice appeared to be lost in echo, would this red haired artist give vent to his mirth and merriment, and full play to his risible organs.

"We have no children, Bella," said the

old Frenchman to his wife, in a would-be facetious manner; it was amusing to see him, and still more so to hear him.

"No; two disappointments though," retorted the wife.

At this Beeswing, vulgarly surnamed the carroty, exploded into a perfect furore of delight, which lasted through at least half a dozen peals of the most uproarious laughter, which also exercised its customary effect in making everybody else laugh, and even the old blower shook with it as he sat on his always to him uneasy chair.

"What a laugher he is, to be sure," remarked the old lady, after she had herself finished laughing at her own expense, and addressing Trelawney.

"Now Mrs. De Snag, tell us all about your loves; your old loves I mean," said the visitor, "you know all about it I can see," and here he laughed so energetically that the old lady's good natured response, "I'm sure I don't," was lost; and that he,

the red haired gentleman, canted the contents of the teacup which he held over the legs of the grinning De Snag.

The effect of this last was almost awful, the old gasper bellowed like a wild beast, and, jumping off his chair, trod on the toes of Trelawney, who, also having a cup in his hand, jerked it so much that splash went the tea over the collar and down the neck of De Snag, which caused him to immediately yell out anew, and in a still more piercing key, and at the same time to fall sideways against the mantelpiece, where his own cup, being jutting a little over the side, was knocked broadside over the saucer; this but the more distracted and added to the confusion of the Frenchman, and as an entertaining display of cause and effect so completely overcame any powers of gravity possessed by Beeswing, that that ridiculous artist broke into renewed laughter, which waxed loud and furious for at least thirty seconds, by which time the face of De Snag,

as he leant coughing and gasping against the marble chimney piece, had assumed the most pitiable aspect that countenance ever wore.

"I never heard of such a thing," resumed Madame, after wiping down the pantaloons of her injured husband, who rapidly followed it up by unbuckling his stock, which proceeding seemed to occasion him great agony, and throwing off his wet collar. "My nieces complain of having no lovers; I tell them when I was their age I'd always two or three gentlemen after me."

"Here; look here," gasped the husband, interrupting her. "Bella, look here," he again articulated, in his usual suffocating manner, and directing her attention to the lower part of his shirt front—which he had succeeded in pulling out of his waistcoat, and up from the recesses still farther down—which bore evident signs of the recent application of wet tea.

"Well, De Snag, I'm sure!" said the wife,

reprovingly, which caused that individual to turn round to Trelawney, and apologize for undressing before him; of Beeswing he took no notice, in fact that good humoured artist seemed to be one of the privileged order of "beings harmless," for he laughed out his regret and excuse for the mishap, and seemed on the whole to have considered it capital fun; and, moreover, to have occasioned but little personal displeasure, however much bodily discomfort with regard to De Snag, on the part of either of the three others present. His ringing laugh seemed to act as a balm and set-off against every calamity.

"Well, go on about your lovers," said the artist, with a merry grimace; "never mind De Snag."

To this the old lady uttered a juvenile laughing "Tut," and seemed well pleased in the recollection of the past, notwithstanding the agony still pictured in the eyes and lips of her spouse. "Oh! such a lot

of them to be sure," continued she, smirking, "I ought not to say lot. How many lovers had I, De Snag?" she said, addressing that moaning and still unnaturalized scion of Gaul.

"What?" said he, "what?"

"Dear me, how deaf you are to be sure; I asked you how many lovers you had—I mean I had?"

At this Beeswing burst into a clamorous agitation of laughter, during which De Snag answered "Me; how should I know?"

"Well, let me see; there was, first, the midshipman; middy, we used to call him; he used to take me out for a drive, and then father was so angry that he put a stop to it." Here she broke into a giggle under the influence of some secret thought in connection therewith, and said, "Dear me, I shall never forget that night. Then there was the grocer's son; he used to bring me such quantities of grapes and figs; stole them out of his father's shop, I suppose." Here she

again laughed, and so did Beeswing. "Then there was Mr. Porter, but he turned out to have no money. Then there was the coal merchant; everything was arranged with him, but he wanted the money settled upon himself; but I said no, so the match was broken off after all. Yes; the wedding dress and cake—all were bought. Then I was engaged for six years to Mr. Stonor; at least we thought it was all right; but when it came to the point he said he only considered it platonic."

This was fit food for Beeswing, and off he went, echoing on the way.

"Yes! that was a sad loss for me," continued the old lady, never heeding the laughter, unless it was to enjoy or participate in it. "Six years lost that was. Then there was Mr. Biddle, who painted that," pointing to a half-size portrait of herself, which hung up, "and afterwards died in the madhouse; he had no money either; then there was the other artist," pointing

to a smaller picture, "who did that. He wasn't in a position to marry, so my father told him, No. 'Well,' he said, 'I leave England for ever,' and he fell upon his knees, and, after saying good bye, left the house, and nobody's seen him since."

"Well, madam, I think you had a pretty good share," observed Beeswing facetiously. "Go on, don't allow me to interrupt you."

"He—ha—he," gasped De Snag.

"Well, then there was Mr. Jones, a merchant's clerk—he wouldn't do either."

"Dear me, I'm shocked," ejaculated Beeswing.

"That's the one that wouldn't go away, but always followed me to church, and kept sending me bouquets, and notes blotted with tears."

"Why don't you laugh, you old sinner?" exclaimed Beeswing, clapping the old Frenchman on the back, in a manner calculated to knock the remaining breath completely out of him.

To this De Snag tried to laugh, but only whimpered.

"Then there was Mr. De Snag, and while he was wishing to have me, another that I'd known a long time before came back; but as soon as he saw Mr. De Snag sitting at the fire, he saw how we were, and never entered the house again: he was so disappointed."

"Why he might have gone in and cut De Snag out," suggested Beeswing. To this madam laughed and said,

"No; he took it too much to heart."

"Lamentable," uttered the artist.

"I knew what Mr. De Snag wanted, although he never said anything."

"Clever woman!" ejaculated Beeswing.

"Oh, no, he only sat over the fire, looking: he never said anything, oh, no."

"He ha! He ha!" gasped the individual alluded to, and Beeswing forthwith clapped him on the shoulder, which had the effect of causing him to gasp again.

"But my nieces, they tell me," continued she, "have no lovers at all; I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, then, let's marry them," suggested Beeswing, which even the old buffer laughed at and understood.

"Come, Monsieur, get up old boy, and stir yourself; give us your opinion on something—the pleasures of matrimony, for instance."

"Mrs. De Snag will tell you better than myself," answered the locomotive, at which Beeswing laughed and made gesticulations, generally for upwards of half a minute.

"Well, Mrs. De Snag, what have you to say on that subject?" urged the artist. The old lady laughed and twittered and answered,

"Nothing; I'm sure."

"Matrimony's a barren subject with you apparently," observed Beeswing; immediately after saying which he detected the personal nature of his remark, and com-

menced laughing in an under breath; but finding it impossible to curtail his exhibition of feeling, he broke out in his usual loud and boisterous key.

"It's very bad when there come no children," ejaculated the hitherto silent De Snag.

"Two disappointments though," spoke the wife almost mechanically, and forgetting that she had made use of exactly the same remark before during the evening.

"Well, that's a satisfaction:" observed Beeswing laughing.

"Let's talk about music," said madame, with impatient disgust. "Come up, and I'll play you a quadrille and polka: that's all that I can play," she continued, and led the way, candle in hand, up to the drawing room, which wore a very dingy and empty appearance, and in one corner of which a wheezy old piano stood up, together with a quantity of very common furniture, including the before-mentioned straw bot-

tomed-looking chairs, the whole presided over by a large barber's cloth sort of bag, which held within its drooping form a chandelier, which was never used, and hung dustily from the ceiling.

After the quadrille was played, Beeswing said, "Now I know you're fond of a dance, come on," and he placed himself in a dancing attitude.

Up jumped the old woman, like a skeleton on springs; "But who 's to play?" said she.

"Oh! Mr. Trelawney. You can do a polka, eh?" said he.

"I can dance one, but I question my ability for playing one," was the answer.

"Oh! never mind, fire away;" and Trelawney actually sat down and commenced hitting the keys at a fearful rate, guided solely by ear, to which the red haired artist and the sprightly old woman danced madly about the room, upsetting De Snag into various chairs as they passed him, and

causing that worthy buffer to yell, moan, and expostulate, in a manner at once vociferous and ludicrous.

"We'll call that the thunderer," said Beeswing, alluding to the polka just played, "thank you, Mr. Trelawney. Now then, I'll play. Dance with Mr. Trelawney."

"Oh! no, thank you," declined the other, "I don't care for dancing unless in an assembly room."

"Oh! Jerusalem!" ejaculated Beeswing to himself.

At that moment a loud ring of the street door bell took place, and no less a personage than Mrs. De Burgh, just arrived from Hambro', was announced. She had not been expected till the day following. All was bustle and confusion, coupled with no end of excitement and gymnastics on the part of the old Frenchman, who wriggled off to meet her in a perfect convulsion of delight.

END OF VOLUME I.

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